

TOC H JOURNAL

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Communications for next month's issue must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of this month.

FACING THE FUTURE

Many who heard TUBBY speak at the Family Gathering on the Sunday of the Birthday Festival have asked to have his actual words in print. Here they are—a New Year's message to Toc H everywhere.

MY REVEREND AND IRREVERENT BRETHREN,
No. The joke is not original. It was used by Lord Somers at the Australian Birthday Festival. Where he got it from I don't know. My first task is to apologise for having introduced so many life-long friends to each other, generally by the wrong names. There was, long years ago, an absent-minded doctor in the Isle of Wight, who saw an old lady in a wheel chair, and came to her and said: "I know your face somehow. You must be one of my old patients." Her attendant then intervened and said in a low voice: "Excuse me, sir, but this is Her Majesty Queen Victoria." I've felt like that man felt sometimes this week-end. Now here you are, a little north of the Isle of Wight, and a little south of Scotland; and I am to give you some mental chewing-gum to take home with you to either place.

Behind all this Festival we have been conscious of one increasing purpose. We have heard, as it were, a great prelude played. Give Toc H ten more years like the last ten, and Toc H will indeed begin. Begin to be what? A power making for righteousness; a Family ready to serve Christ and to take the consequences.

But there are real dangers; for Peace hath her perils no less disastrous than War. This is nothing to be ashamed of! Everything alive is in danger: and the greatest danger of all is self-complacency, that is the blindness of believing that there are none. A Society behaving like little Johnnie Head-in-Air will do well to remember what happened to him. The mariner who will not be warned by the compass is warned too late by the rocks.

Dangers don't put *men* off. Dulness is a repellent force, but danger rather attracts—the young are lovers of danger; and, like Christopher the giant, will only serve a cause which does not display fear. I am therefore not attempting to make your flesh creep. The young to-day don't blush or shudder. The only man I've seen shuddering since the war was one who had got his wireless jammed, and could only get New York. Let us then face a few of our dangers.

I

The first danger is shallow optimism. We have done nothing yet that marks Toc H as a great season of the nation's soul. The mass of men don't take Toc H as a force to be reckoned with. Ten thousand units, properly trained and

tested ; a staff school of our own—a Gilwell for Toc H, with hopes of a solid College of Christian Social Service later, would take us somewhere on our way. Men think us stuffed with sentiment and sawdust. They look upon us unconvinced as yet. If they knew it, they would apply to us the contemptuous parable of Edmund Burke, who said that six grasshoppers in a hedge make far more noise than all the bulls in the field beyond. We have not proved Toc H to any great body of bystanders. Propaganda by example is the only way. Everyone knows that Toc H has grown fast ; so does mustard and cress. The Froth-blowers grew quickly, upon a somewhat liquid foundation. Our task is solid and concrete ; and we've got to get the "ferro" into the concrete.

II

The second is : we must be saved from slogans. We all know how it grates to hear someone say "Toc House," or "Toconians" : or speak of "Lamps of Remembrance." We must learn ourselves how hollow slogans are. Copy-book maxims are not the cradle, but the grave, of good conduct in the young. They hate them as hypocrisy. So slogans are a poor substitute for Proverbs. Someone indeed defined the Government of England as "taxation tempered with proverbs." But the proverbs don't boost and boast. They are essentially humble and homely things, old coins of truth worn bright by constant use. Real men are much more drawn to Toc H by hearing that it's struggling, than hearing that it's successful. Real men love little humdrum words like "bunch" and "crowd" and "not so bad a show." "A show" was used of the greatest battles in history. It was used of the greatest service in Christianity. *You'll never propagate Toc H by painting it pure white.* Narrate nothing but its virtues, and you frame the epitaph on its tombstone.

III

We need to be saved from a sense that things are now plain sailing. St. Francis said the two great rules of work are to tackle the hard as easy, and the easy as hard. We have tackled the hard as easy from the first. If things are now easy, or easier, treat them as really hard. Bite with this now sharpened axe into the stem of Hate. The Titan tree may laugh at your efforts ! But if you persevere, you need not cut right through—its own pride and God's own wind will surely bring it down. But not, if you grow slack : and not, if you grow shallow. I have a nightmare sometimes of Toc H shrugging its endowed shoulders and declaring beneath its breath that it needs to know no more of God : that it hears that Name too often. I have a nightmare of a great Crusade, where it was suddenly noticed by someone that the Cross had been left behind.

The way to make these nightmares true is by those idle steps which led one critic to declare that there is too much "jolly old God" about Toc H. Now let us be perfectly clear that Toc H is *not reduced* Christianity, but *applied* Christianity. It does not forget the Cross of God or man. It does not seek to cover up Calvary even by the simple happiness of Cana in Galilee. Cana, the Guestnight of the Gospels, is only the beginning. We want you to learn what Guestnights can be. Real Guestnights, with plenty of strangers and really poor men as the most welcome guests, are vital to Toc H. But Guestnights are not all about it ! They must lead

on to greater things than these : until God stoops and says : " Give me thy hands, head, heart." Yes, in that order. Toc H is very young, and very plastic now. But it will soon grow up, while we grow old. Each one of us, unless we desert the best thing in our lives, will die in Toc H, and be most strictly accountable for the way we helped, or failed to try to help it to be true. Donald Hankey once said that religion is " betting your life there's a God." Have you done that yet ? Will you do it now ? If you postpone it always a little longer, you will never be able to add those final words of his, when he had said the Lord's Prayer with his crouching men, and then cried : " Now, lads, it's either a wound and Blighty, or death and the Resurrection." * The working member must be passionately concerned for the good name of Toc H as a whole, and for that of his own unit in particular. He must know " that chastity of honour, which feels a stain like a wound."

IV

We need to be saved from what I will call Chairmania—that is, the mania for meetings with chairmen and all appropriate appurtenances. Some clergy suffer from chairmania, but not the clergy only. Laymen, some old enough to know better, are equal offenders. Probably the most useful thing in the Birthday Festival Book † are the lists of personalities and trades in an ideal Branch, twenty-one strong. Compare these with your own Branches. Set out to fill the gaps with the very finest fellows. Do realise that Toc H is never more than the nucleus at the heart of a good Guestnight, and that your invited guests are not to be the inevitable and respectable persons. Study St. Luke XIV : " If ye love them that love you, what thank have ye ? " And again : " Do not invite those who can invite you back." And don't invite them much with a view to membership. Invite and honour them as strangers. Read your New Testament intelligently and see how much is there said, how little now is done, about this paramount need of an open door, of an unclassified fellowship open to ordinary men as guests time and again.

V

This brings me to *the question of the poor* : " The poor ye have always with you and when you will you can be kind to them." Is every Toc H unit in touch with the really poor ? Are we doing something everywhere to be their friends ? Some Branches of Toc H are terribly respectable, as if the Collect read : " that we may be found a respectable people in Thy sight." Some do kind things, but do not include the poorest in their fellowship. They have half learned their lesson. They know that the best cure for the blues is to go out and help the poor ; but they do not bring them in and make them welcome and at home. They have started Toc H without knowing what it is, and if they have found themselves in a real live meeting, would be as much encumbered as the sedate man who tried to keep on a top-hat in a typhoon. Some small units tend to sit about in mittens and goloshes singing *Rogorum* as if it were the *Lost Chord*, or the *Dead March in Saul*.

* So saying he went over the top and was killed, October 12, 1916.

† *The Upper Room*, see page 13.

VI

Some Branches need a fifth point of the Compass ; and this should be "look lively." They get sloppy and merely imitative and insipid. They become what the West calls "Dry-store cowboys." Now, with God, good deeds are good birth—handsome is as handsome does. We cannot force an atmosphere ; we cannot get it right by any insincere jollity. But if we are really shouldering our responsibilities, we then, and not till then, have a right to behave irresponsibly.

VII

Some Branches have no real leadership of their own, and no real contact with their Area, still less with the main movement. The circulation of the JOURNAL is a heartbreak to us all. It reaches a third of the membership, and is read by a fraction of that third. We need to make the JOURNAL universal, and its study a matter of honourable obligation upon every member. It is our only means (until a proper staff is possible) not only of leading, but of finding new leaders and putting them in possession of facts. If I were a young man, I would rather be a leader in Toc H than in any other thing in England and beyond. It is so plastic, so loyal, so ready to be challenged. We want men everywhere—and they are there—who would respond to this emergency like Leigh Mallory of the Mt. Everest expedition. Here is a sentence about him : "Confronted with a serious climbing obstacle Mallory's behaviour was always characteristic : you could positively see his nerves tighten like fiddle strings. Metaphorically he girt up his loins, and his first instinct was to jump into the lead."

Don't quell initiative with overmuch control. Let men make mistakes, and Committees clear them up. Toc H was once a one-man show. It could not live like that. But every new item is a duty for one man or two. Give them your trust ; don't vote it. Give it them. So leadership emerges, our great need.

VIII

Branch Birthdays. Some Groups and branches and Areas have gone dotty over Birthdays, and insist on calling together their friends and neighbours to congratulate them, and to join in thanking God that they have cut another tooth. When their wisdom teeth come through, they will have fewer Birthdays, and spend more quiet time considering their latter end. Quite seriously, we know in London now that Pierhead House, Wapping, is a stronghold of no mean order. We must do all we can to get these quiet week-ends for prayer and training together, men and women, of course, separately. My new hope is that this ideal use may be possible most week-ends out of the fifty-two for the old Home, Talbot House in Poperinghe. Each Area must book it three or more months ahead, save up for it, and sail on Friday night, getting the whole of Saturday and Sunday in that sacred spot.

IX

Sunday. That brings me to a really vital point. Toc H must resist a tendency, becoming more and more marked, to do things on Sunday. This for two reasons, both sufficient.

(a) You will get Toc H regarded as a rival by the Churches. This has happened sooner or later to most new Sunday enterprises. It is so easy to slip into this, and it would be disastrous.

(b) Sunday, however well-observed, has never made, will never by itself make England Christian. Historically, Sunday was not a day of rest until Christianity had won the then known world. The Anti-God Society has abolished Sunday, believing (poor fools) that they will thus destroy Christianity. They will find their mistake before long. The cause of Christ is best of all. Don't breathe defiance on the forces of materialism by retiring into a castle which is not Toc H property. Make a sortie into week-day life, and fight it out in the open. No Sunday activities in Toc H will cure foul language in the offices, or meet such paganising processes as the growth of register office marriages.

You have the week-nights, when most churches are shut. Get them open and filled then, God helping you. That is a portent people understand. You have the ball of the working world at your feet. Do what the boy at Rugby did—ignore the rules sublimely. Pick up the muddy working world, and run with it to the Eternal Goal. Remember as you run that Toc H is strongest of all where it asks most and promises least.

X

Flabbiness. Do you know what was the greatest unnecessary tragedy in the last fifteen hundred years? No, not the War! It was that Mohammed did not become a Christian. He was born and bred among Christians. But one thing and another put him off, and sickened him. Think of the results! Christ's Kingdom was delayed by some two thousand years! And Mohammed's strength and failure is in this: he built a faith in which woman has no place, no soul. Study the British character. Remember what Burnet said about Lord Shaftesbury—"His strength lay in his knowledge of England." Remember that this age, both men and women, prides itself on being hard and unemotional. Remember the story of the schoolboy who described the death of Nelson thus: "Nelson said, 'Kiss me, Hardy'; and then ran up the signal, 'Every man must do his duty!'" This is more important than it may seem. If you get thought of as emotional, you'll lose your hold on England. Now England is a foolish sort of place—but even Englishmen are wiser than they seem. (The Scots seem wiser than they really are.) Two years ago—I'm very serious here—we were all sorely tempted to do an emotional thing in generosity. With malice towards none, with charity towards all, we were held back from forfeiting our birthright. Fancy facing the Old House now if we had gone wrong then! *

XI

Organisation. Don't sneer at Area Councils and the rest. Get in and help them to build so well that they can take the load that's coming on them. Toc H will be 100,000 by 1935, and half a million by 1940. You can't put back the clock.

* The Central Council on April 21, 1928, ended a long controversy by deciding, by an overwhelming majority, that, while there is no bar to Unitarian members in Toc H, no minister of a church describing itself as Unitarian is eligible for the office of Padre of the Toc H Association or of any Branch or Group.

It's a childish trick at best. Face up to what's ahead. You must have structure: see that it is efficient. God be praised for Peter Monie! Methods are bound to change, even to hold ground won. The Roman Empire conquered without maps and roads; but it used maps and roads to hold its conquests. I hated the word organisation, until I remembered that it came from the word "organ." It really means "a lovely instrument," with stops and pedals, flutes and diapasons, white notes and black, its keys on many levels, all knit to one great harmony.

We are deeply called to organise a spirit. God save us from the fate of setting out to convert men, and finishing up by failing to be ourselves converted. Yes, God will save us, if we let Him. For God, gentlemen, is no cynic. He has not led us all this way to bring us to a blind alley.

TUBBY.

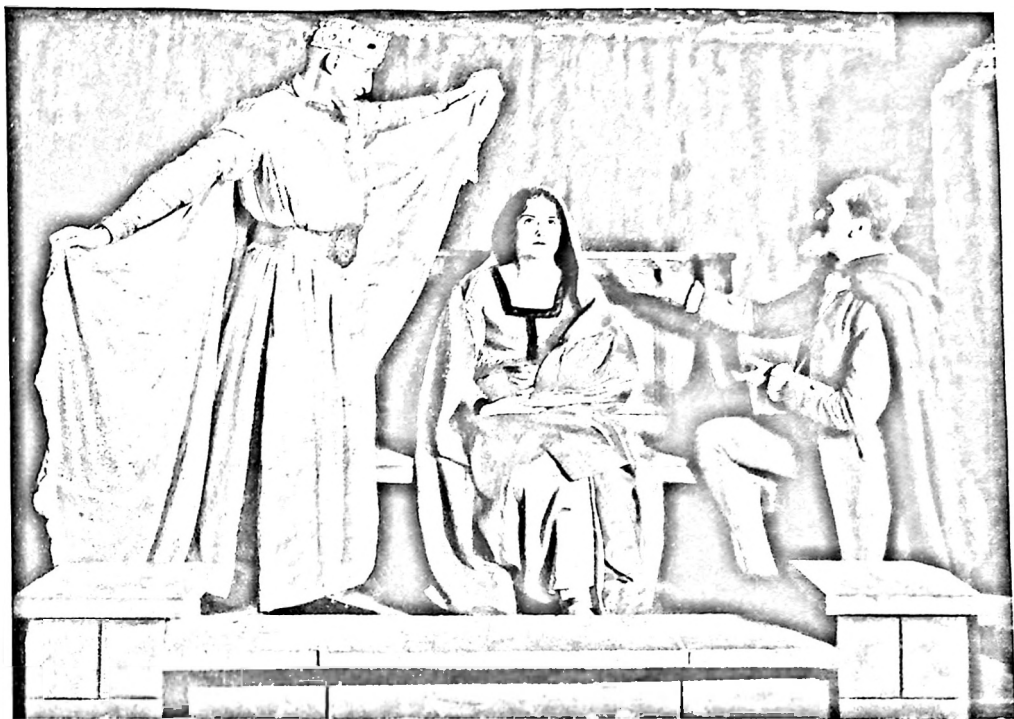
THE BUILDERS

On the Sunday morning of the Birthday Festival PAT LEONARD preached to a congregation which packed every corner of the City Church of St. Margaret Pattens, near All Hallows. Those who listened to him wish his words to carry even farther.

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes" (Psalm cxviii, 23).

I HAVE gone back 2,500 years to find the old Festival hymn out of which this gem of faith is taken. It is a glorious old hymn, which begins and ends on the same high note of thanksgiving—"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious, because His mercy endureth for ever"—and which, throughout, breathes an unquenchable belief in God's loving providence. It was written for an occasion which—viewed against the background of contemporary history—must have seemed utterly small and insignificant. A mere handful of exiles had escaped from their slavemasters in Central Asia, and, having survived the terrors of the desert, had struggled back to their old deserted and devastated homeland. They had come to rebuild their broken little world and were busy laying the foundations of their tiny church. They were so few in number that they could scarcely tackle the work of reconstruction, and were so poor in material resources that they could hardly hope to succeed in their plans. Viewed from a mile above the earth, their numbers and their activities alike would be unnoticeable. It was literally a handful of escaped slaves rebuilding a ruined village on the edge of a vast desert. And yet . . . and yet here we are, twenty-five centuries later in the heart of the largest empire the world has known, on the occasion of our Festival taking a verse from their hymn and drawing, I hope, inspiration from them for another year's work.

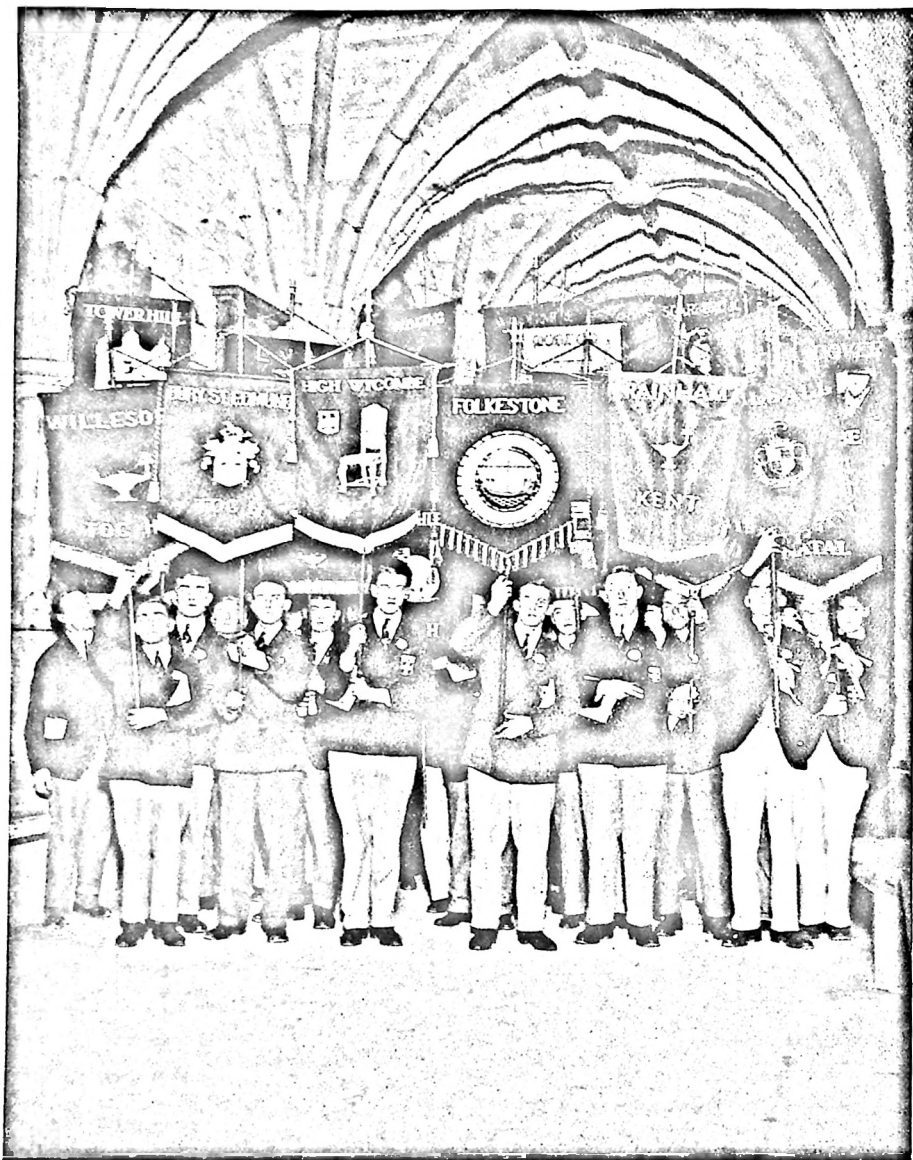
What is the secret of this strange survival? What else but the amazing faith that filled the hearts of those exiles?—the intense conviction that they were the chosen people, chosen by God to do His work, saved by Him from a hundred daily dangers and guided by Him through a thousand adventures to this very hour, led by Him across the waterless desert and brought back by Him from the valley of the shadow of death for one reason—that, as His workpeople, they



THIS *endris* night I saw a sight,
 A star as bright as day ;
 And ever among a Maiden sung
 " Lullay, by by, lullay."

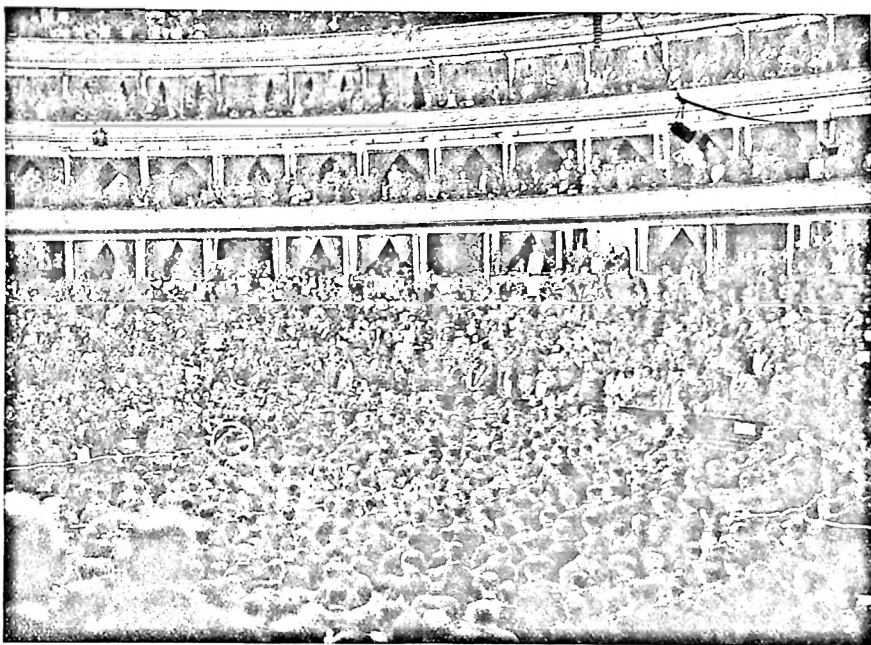
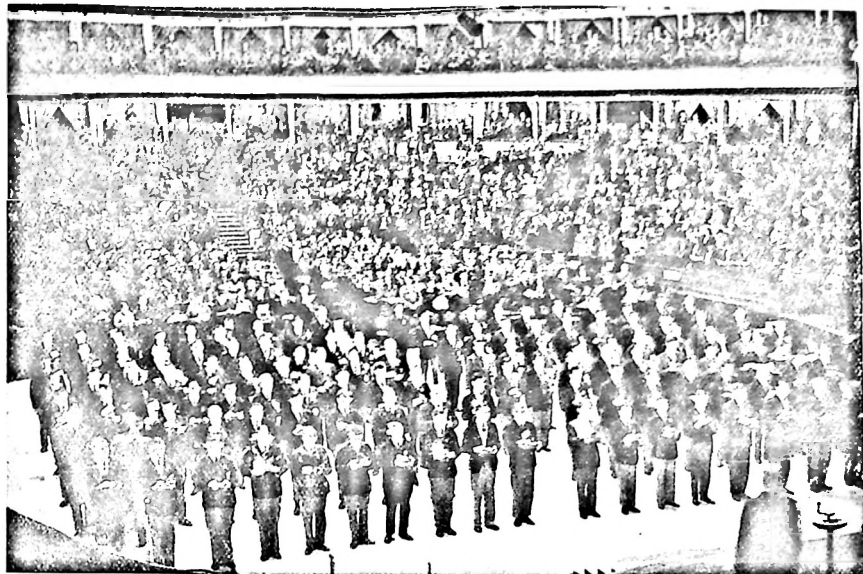
This lovely Lady sat and sung
 And to her Child did say,
 " My son, my brother, father dear,
 Why liest Thou thus in hay ?
 My sweetest bird, thus 'tis required,
 Though Thou be King veray ;
 But nevertheless I will not cease
 To sing ' by by, lullay.' "

15th century Carol.



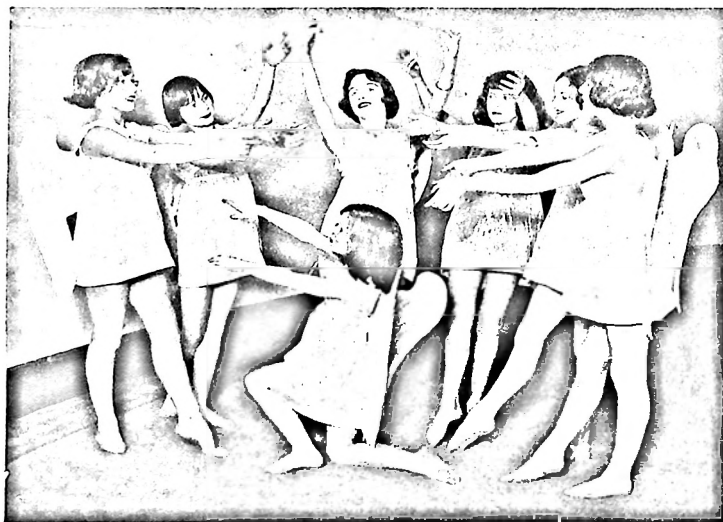
THE BANNERS APPROACHING WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY THE CLOISTERS

Photograph : Daily Chronicle.



Above : Friday, December 6—The lights drawn up in the arena for the ceremony of "Light." In the right-hand corner Lord Forster stands on the platform, beside the Prince's Lamp. (*Phot. Central Press*).

Below : Saturday, December 7—The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Tubby (their heads seen within circle in middle), lights the new Lamps : old Lamps and Rushlights already lit fill the arena. The picture was taken without flashlight and by time-exposure, and the white streaks show the moving tapers of stewards lighting Lamps. (*Phot. Sport and General*).



Above : Sir Glory Vain's pages. Below : Angels. (Pacific and Atlantic Photos Ltd.)

might rebuild their House and restore to it a lost glory by claiming it for God. It is this sense of destiny that lifts a tiny episode from the shadows of oblivion into the limelight of the world's history.

It is their unshakeable faith in God that gives eternal value to their action, for when they begin to reconstruct their world, they begin unerringly at its centre. Even before they pitch their tents or throw up any defence against their enemies, they set about building the House of their God, and as they build they sing this hymn ascribing all to His glory—" *It is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes.*"

There is, I think, something of the same quality of sublime faith at the heart of Toc H. The parallel between Zerubbabel's brave building and the beginnings of Toc H in 1919 is startling, not only at first sight but the longer we ponder it. A tiny handful of men—exiles in very truth for four long years—survive the dangers of war and come home, filled with an impelling sense of destiny, that God has saved them and guided them through an unforgettable experience in order that they may rebuild their shattered world and reclaim it for Him. And so they, too, begin their rebuilding at its centre. They have hardly scraped the mud of Flanders from their boots before three of them sit down to plan the building of the new Jerusalem. But first they must organise the builders; and high-heartedly they decide "to open a series of Branches throughout the country for the fostering of a new spirit between man and man; and to challenge their generation to seek in all things the mind of Christ." They set up again the Carpenter's Bench in their midst and gaily and hopefully take up their task of building the Kingdom of God.

A year or more later they have grown in numbers, but it is still a mere handful which resolves that, "remembering with gratitude how God used our old House to bring home to multitudes of men that behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the eternal realities, and to send them forth strengthened to fight at all costs for the setting up of His Kingdom upon earth—we pledge ourselves to listen now and always for the voice of God, to know His Will revealed in Christ, and to do it fearlessly, reckoning nothing of the world's opinion or of its successes for ourselves or this our Family; and, towards this end, to think fairly, to love widely, to witness humbly, and to build bravely."

I once said that "Toc H is God's show"—to-day, with added conviction, I reiterate it. Every living stone of it is made in His image, and the mortar that binds stone to stone is nothing less than Love—God's own eternal nature—for nothing less would hold. He is the architect; Toc H is His fashioning, and it is His Spirit that nerves and guides the hands of those who would build it to His glory. No man-made thing could have been founded so deeply or have grown so fast. In ten short years the handful has become a multitude—750 teams of men standing to their Lamps and forming a living girdle of friendship round the world. And the girdle even binds together those who ten short years ago were at each other's throats—for Toc H in Germany is a dream which is already coming true. " *This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.*"

In material things, too, the good hand of God has been upon us. The little

rented flat in Red Lion Square has become thirty-five freehold Houses, not limited to England but as far afield as India, Canada, South Africa and the Americas. The £40 that Tubby possessed, and that represented the entire resources of ToCH in 1919, to-day has increased to six figures; and the Endowment Fund, which was started only two years ago, has passed the £100,000 mark. "*This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.*"

Return for a moment to that other building adventure, 2,500 years ago in Palestine. When the little company of Jews under Zerubbabel laid the foundation of their Temple and sang the 118th Psalm as their Festival hymn, there were present among them a few who remembered the former Temple:—

"And when the builders laid the foundation of the Temple of the Lord, they set the priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites the sons of Asaph with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David king of Israel. And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord, because He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever toward Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the House of the Lord was laid. But many of the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men that had seen the first House, when the foundation of this House was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy, so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping; for the people shouted with a loud shout and the noise was heard afar off" (*Ezra iii, 10*).

Then, as now, a former House rises in the memory of the older men, and spurs them on—even though it fills their eyes with tears. Was it because of the inadequacy of their present resources that they wept, or because of the glory of the old House which had departed, or was it because they recalled the faces of those who had once been present and whose bones were now bleaching in the desert? Who can say? But to-day when we sing our Festival hymns and praise God for the way He has guided us in our building and upheld us in our hope and led us forward from small beginnings to this present hour, there are some among us whose thoughts go back, like homing birds, to a battered Old House in Flanders: we people it with Elder Brethren, with the living faces of our friends that we loved long since and have lost awhile. Tears are not far beneath the surface; but it is not sheer grief for our friends lost which threatens to unman us. Among tears of sorrow there are tears of joy that God should have allowed us to see so glorious a memorial being built in our friends' honour and so near to their hearts' desire. "*This, too, is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.*"

Let me end with a tale which is in no sense new. Some years ago there lived in the Latin Quarter of Paris an artist. He was little known and so little recognised that he lived in an attic and steadily pawned his bedding to buy food and burnt his furniture to provide firing. And all the while he was a true artist, so utterly in love with his art that he hardly noticed how cold and bare his attic studio was—until the great thing happened. In his soul was born one day a vision of exquisite beauty, and with all his skill he captured the vision in clay. It was his masterpiece; his soul was all imprisoned in it. But because it was in clay he feared that the frost, which numbed his fingers as he worked, might crack

and crumble it that night. It was then that he realised that his pockets were empty and his last stick of furniture burnt. He took off his threadbare coat and wrapped it round his clay model, and lay down beside it to sleep till morning. In the morning they found him there. Frozen to death he was, but—joy of joys!—his masterpiece was undamaged. It was his fellow-artists and the students who found him, and they said, "See what a price he has paid to preserve this beauty! Let us club together and make sure that no frost shall ever have power to crack it or careless hands to break it." And they had his work cast in bronze that it might endure for ever. . . . Fifteen years ago our Elder Brethren saw a vision of a world set free from hate and war and greed, of a world rich in love and joy and peace. Round this precious vision they wrapped their mud-stained coats, and died that it might not perish from the earth. We are their comrades and their fellow-students, banded together to enshrine that vision of a world rebuilt on love, and to transmit it to the generations yet unborn. If some of us weep, it is because we grieve to think how little we have done so far; and if through tears we smile and sing our "Alleluias," it is because we see how much already God has done to cast that vision our Elder Brethren saw in metal that shall endure. Toc H has not been fashioned, nor must we ever suffer it so to be made, in shoddy, sentimental clay which may crack at the first touch of hatred's disintegrating frost or of greed's rough, careless hands; it must stand in the most enduring metal we know—in the bronze of men's wills and the unbreakable love and faith of men's hearts.

There's but one gift that all our Dead desire,
One gift that man can give—and that's a dream
Unless we too can burn with that same fire
Of sacrifice; die to the things that seem;
Die to the little hatreds; die to greed;
Die to the old ignoble selves we knew;
Die to the base contempts of sect and creed,
And rise again like these, with souls as true.
Nay (since these died before their task was finished),
Attempt new heights; bring even dreams to birth;
Build us a better world, oh, not diminished
By one true splendour that they planned on earth.
And that's not done by sword or tongue or pen:
There's but one way—God make us better men!

An Editorial Apology

Every now and then some unfortunate is reported as having been caught out by the law of England which unearths for his undoing a long buried and disused statute of Edward III or Elizabeth. The Editor of the JOURNAL has now suffered a similar undeserved fate. Several years ago, the Central Executive resolved that the Founder Padre should have the right to claim whatever space he required in the JOURNAL. He has begun this year by the high-handed action of claiming the frontispiece of the volume. The Editor was threatened with temporary relief of his command if he disobeyed. He cannot disclaim all connection with the face on the frontispiece, but he can at least apologise for its intrusion here.

THE FOURTEENTH BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL

"Festivals," says the first book printed in England, "are ordayned to serve God onlie." This truth is not forgotten in Toc H; wherein men never meet for self-congratulation. So at their Birthday Festivals, they are accustomed to make the milestone into Jacob's pillow, and to look for heavenly ladders to hearten them before the road begins again.

SO begins Tubby's preface to the Birthday Thanksgiving book of 1929. And when he had occasion during the Festival week-end to warn us against the danger of "going dotty over Birthdays" (see page 6), it was something other than this great family event which he had in mind. For this is first of all the commemoration of a birthday in Flanders in 1915, the consequences of which were then all unforeseen and are still beyond surmise. No birthday present, therefore, could compare with that of 1929—the gift of the Old House at Poperinghe, the birthplace itself of the living brotherhood to which thousands of us to-day owe lifelong allegiance. And it is not too much to say that the annual Festival is the birthday of many a member in Toc H—the day on which Toc H is suddenly revealed to him as a cause far larger than he had ever dreamed, the date from which Toc H unmistakably claims his love and duty. And lastly—or should it come first of all?—our December festival cannot fail to touch a far greater Festival, our family to draw near to a Holy Family, our birthday to trace a humble likeness to the greatest Birthday of all times. A pageant which led us to join the worshippers of Christmas night did not, therefore, seem a strange or forced climax to our own Festival evening. In all its moods our Festival is "ordayned to serve God onlie."

The Thanksgiving

In the middle of Saturday afternoon, December 7th, the streets converging on Westminster Abbey were astir with young men; Broad Sanctuary and Dean's Yard were soon full of them. The bells in Wren's western towers began to peal joyfully; processions were on the move; the Abbey filled rapidly and completely. These preparations were familiar from former years, but the outspoken happiness which carries them forward is every time new. From the Norman Undercroft a verger led the procession of Association Padres—this year reinforced at the head by a few files of laymen, joint actors in a drama. From the old hall of Westminster School poured the long column of Branch and Group banners, marching with flashes of colour through the deep shadows of the cloisters to their post at the west end of the nave. The "Great Congregation" (so the rubrics of the service book called it and so in truth it was) rose once and again, with a sound like the wind in woods or the distant sea on a beach, to receive now the Padres, now Lord Plumer, and finally the Prince of Wales. The pealing organ stopped; the signal was given for the Thanksgiving to begin. But indeed it had long begun, for the "infection of a good courage" had captured the Great Congregation even before they were within the Abbey walls. Once in their seats, with the book open in their hands, they were bidden in its opening pages to think of the place which held them—

Rapt as the murmur of a midnight prayer,
Stern as the stillness where a saint lies dead,
God's cieled house here lifts up a grey head,
Breathing one Name on every tide of air . . .

"The Giving of Thanks" was clothed this time in an entirely new and original guise. Certain of the stricter newspaper critics who expressed their pained feelings in 1928 as to the "unliturgical" character of a Toc H Festival liturgy, were silent in 1929—the thing had gone beyond them altogether. It is most unlikely that the Abbey, accustomed to a great variety of special services, had ever permitted so unconventional a "use" to be heard in it before. *The Upper Room* is called "a study" by its author. It is almost a drama in five parts, built round the last

Passover meal of Jesus with His disciples. Written in blank verse, broken at its high moments by a prayer or a hymn, it is put into the mouths of specific members of Toc H, who answer the questions of the "Great Congregation." With these changing voices it came across the stone screen of the Abbey choir and reached, in varying measure, the ears of the intensely attentive congregation in the nave. The whole is not the least of Tubby's gifts to Toc H; it will come to mean ever more and more as it is used aloud by smaller congregations of members (studying and rehearsing it beforehand, as the Abbey "actors" had done) or read and meditated quietly by individuals at home. There is a great richness of thought packed into these few hundred lines of verse, for Tubby had pondered them long and worked at them much. He read fragments of his work one midnight last summer at Oxford to the Staff Conference; he retired, alone with his dog, to finish it in a long, uplifted autumn day in the New Forest. In the Abbey, where a man must speak very slowly to be heard and where there is a long procession to be made, only the first, second and conclusion of the fourth parts could be used, but in St. Margaret's and St. Martin's, the two churches used by the rest of the congregation, *The Upper Room* was read as a whole.*

To the congregation's question "Where wilt Thou, Lord, that we prepare this feast?" the answer is given, as to Peter and John—

"Go to the City. Mark a man who bears
A pitcher full of water. Follow him . . ."

The rest of Part One is a meditation, spoken by six different persons, on the Upper Room whither the disciples were led to make ready—

"Little he dream'd, that pitcher-burden'd man,
That, as he did his duty, he led home
The Saviour to His holy journey's end . . .
Little he dream'd that thirty thousand men,
Two thousand years, two thousand miles away,
With out-land tongues from unimagined shores,
Assembled at one narrow neck of war,
March'd after him, musing 'The Upper Room!
On! He will deign to feed us ere we die.' . . .
Little we dream who gather here to-night
From East and West, how firm His purpose stands
Towards the thing so wonderfully made,
When He who bade the room be ready, comes.
Meanwhile, the simplest thoughts. Toc H is Home,
The place where we are sure of one another . . .
Home, work, love, trust—these are four binding words."

After a prayer and a fine new hymn by Tubby, followed Part Two: "Now tell us," said the congregation, "of the goodman of the house." Again six voices in turn answered them, stressing the "good man's" characteristics. First, *Chivalry*—

"To be a gentleman is a true name
For an intense humanity, which knows
Not comfort as its goal, not self complaisance,
Nor pride of place but learns to do without . . .
A disciplined disciple, trained and true,
Clear as a living letter, read by all."

* *The Upper Room*: a study by Philip Clayton, contains much more than the actual form of Thanksgiving used. With its new hymns and tunes, its prayers and litanies, it is indeed a new *Treasury of Prayers and Praises* for Toc H. Beautifully printed, it can be had, price 1s., from the Registrar.

Next, *Carefulness*—

“Small things performed bring great things after them,
For we are judged by everyday events,
By unremember’d, unpretentious deeds . . .
Who doeth good, denying that he doth,
This is a brother. . . .”

Then, *Counsel*—

“Begin each morning with a gathered mind.
Live all day near the fountain . . .
Dread nothing but misconduct. Be prepared.
Temptations show some shadow ere they come.
Never lay down thine arms. . . .”

And then, *Courage*—

“In some great dangers men must not go back . . .
The peril therefore of men’s listlessness
Is best met by the peril of men’s prayer. . . .
Men—and ye be—’tis good to hold by God.
Life without faith is a mere drunken brawl
Above the brink of an unknown abyss.”

Lastly, *Conviction*—

“A quiet faith’s the best Divinity . . .
Lord, touch the ears of ordinary men,
Still hesitating in their half beliefs,
Dulled by our discords, dubious of our dreams . . .
Lord, send us back empower’d to win them in
Right to the heart of this tremendous task”

Part Three, not used in the Abbey, takes for its text “There make ready,” and deals with “four points in Prayer.” Part Four (“Came Jesus, with His disciples”) pictures, very dramatically, how “in another and far more splendid Upper Room, on the first good Friday night,” Pilate muses aloud until the centurion in charge of the guard on Calvary comes in and makes his report—

“Aye, he’s dead,
Your Excellency, aye, my God, he’s dead.”

This is broken into by the lovely Elizabethan stanza, sung most movingly by the Abbey choir “My blood so red for thee was shed—come home again, come home again . . .”, and led up to the presentation of Unknown Soldiers’ Crosses to those units which have chapels in which to house them fittingly—

“With sacrifice their covenant was crowned,
Rejoicingly, for well they loved Thy Name.
Their life was going to the Father’s House,
Their death was reaching it and finding Him
Whose loving spirit led them to the land
Where dwelleth righteousness. Yea, they are glad—
Glad to be freed from far and foreign shores,
Glad to be taken out of the great seas :
Henceforth let no man trouble them. They rest.”

Then, while the now familiar *Inheritance* was being sung, the chosen recipients of the Crosses advanced in slow march up through the choir and one by one received his Cross at the sanctuary steps. No words were spoken : Lord Plumer handed the Crosses to the Prince of Wales who

presented them to the Branch or Group representative.* This ceremony, so entirely simple and clothed in dignity and deep meaning, could unhappily be witnessed by scarcely a tithe of the Great Congregation. The procession re-formed and, passing down the nave, laid its memorable gifts beside the grave of the Unknown Warrior until the service ended

"Forth from these crosses, Lord, let Wisdom cry,
Bidding the nations hearken. Who were these? . . .
No longer lost, unknown and yet well-known,
To-night they join us; nor is He ashamed
To call them brethren, whosoe'er they be . . .
Therefore, to God our Father be all praise . . .
Not unto us, not unto us, the praise.
Not unto us, but unto God and them."

Our study of the Upper Room and what belongs to it was over. And already the great procession was on the move. From the doors on either side of the golden altar, gleaming under many lights, the cross-bearer and banner-bearers of Westminster Abbey, clothed in white with blue "apparels," had issued on one side, and on the other the Dean and canons in the wonderful "coronation" copes of crimson embroidered with crowns of gold. Behind them the choir fell in, then the Toc H padres and the laymen who had taken parts in the service, and now the four hundred banners of Branches and Groups—units at home and from all over the world—had come up to join them. To the five-fold "Alleluia" of *Ye watchers and ye holy ones* and the glorious roll of "*Aberystwyth*," with the organ triumphing in the intervals, this long, slow, colourful train made its way round the great building. Flashing for a moment under the bright lights, lost again in the dimness of the ambulatory, passing between the shadows of the stone pillars, name after name of places familiar or far-off caught men's eyes on the banners and bade their thoughts greet a world-wide family. Nor were the Elder Brethren of each unit to be forgotten. As each banner-bearer passed by he let fall a Flanders poppy for remembrance on the Unknown Warrior's resting-place.

Then the note of praise rose highest: "Let us hearken, with the ear of the spirit, to the song they sing, the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb—Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, Thou King of Saints."

The first act of the Thanksgiving had been assigned most fitly to Lord Forster, as more than Chairman of Toc H: he had walked alone to the sanctuary steps and, addressing the Dean, had said, "Sir, bid a blessing on our Birthday Festival." The last act was the Dean's blessing as he dismissed the Great Congregation—"Finally, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord," and the splendid words which follow in Philippians IV.

Slowly the Abbey emptied into the cool air of the street: once outside, the crowd melted quickly (but not silently) away. And above their heads as they went the Abbey bells were trying to tell all the passers by that something of great joy was going forward: thanksgiving was in the air.

* * * * *

The "Giving of Thanks" had been long, and the interval for "high tea" was correspondingly short. To set against a necessary haste, the quality of the meal had been improved by a generous act of Lord Brotherton, which he added just before the Festival to his recent great munificence to Toc H. And then the tide of members set westwards for the Royal Albert Hall.

* One of the two crosses from Gilbert Talbot's grave at Hooze was received by Tubby for All Hallows, the other by Padre Alan Colthurst, eventually destined for Leeds, where Gilbert Talbot was born. Crosses from Unknown Soldiers' graves were given to Luton, Harborne, Abington, Canterbury, Victoria (B.C.), Bedford, Leeds (Red House), Lincoln, Scunthorpe, and Keston.

Two Evenings at the Albert Hall

THE Albert Hall, by a well-established newspaper convention, holds 10,000 people. It may on occasion have held as many but certainly not to seat them all, and when we had eliminated the space required for the Lamplighting and for the choir, and the top gallery where only a broken front row can hope to see and hear what goes on, the Hall held little over half 10,000. The experiment of a second night, made first in 1928, became a matter of course in 1929. Following previous practice, precedence was given to the membership furthest afield: London and the units within a 40-mile radius of it were to form the audience of the second night, the eve of the Birthday itself. The Friday show was called "The Birthday Guest-night," with the intention that Toc H should be "at home" to its friends and the general public: Saturday was entitled "The Festival Evening." Actually the applications from members were so overwhelming that all tickets offered to the public had very soon to be withdrawn from the Albert Hall box-office and allotted to Toc H members. Both nights were in effect "Family affairs" and equally part of the Festival proper. It will be convenient therefore to report them here together.

The programmes of Friday and Saturday were alike in the fact that the ceremony of Light made the climax of the first part, before the interval, and the "Christmas Mime," followed by *Jerusalem* and family prayers, concluded the whole evening. The programmes chiefly differed in that the speeches of the evening came in the second part of Friday and in the first on Saturday, thereby altering the proportions of the whole.

There is no need to attempt an impression of the family of Toc H "getting together"—the eager crowds at the doors, the vociferous greetings flung across from tier to tier of the waiting audience. Very soon the universal desire to give tongue was taken boldly and most skilfully in hand by George Brockless, the conductor of the choir, backed by Arnold Greir at the Hall's immense organ. The conductor got his chin well up and his blazer off and led his huge team in one song after another—even through the fascinating game of opposite sides singing *The Battle Hymn* in strict "canon." On Friday the programme proper opened immediately with the entry of Lamps, Rushlights and Banners, on Saturday with the arrival, amid a tempest of cheers, of the Prince of Wales on the platform. Let us first take the speeches which made both evenings, in their way, memorable.

Friday: Padre Dunnico and Mr. Stanley Baldwin

It was a Parliamentary but not a Party "platform," and everyone could see that the conjunction of the chairman's and speaker's names illustrated the Toc H principle of "listening to everyman's story." Mr. Stanley Baldwin spoke as a President of Toc H, Padre Herbert Dunnico as one of its Group padres. They sat side by side, however much they may sit opposite in "another place."

Padre HERBERT DUNNICO, M.P. (Deputy-Chairman of Committees, House of Commons; Free Church Padre, House of Commons Group), said: "Brother members of Toc H, we are here to-night to pay our tribute to the dead, who made their great sacrifice. We are also here to prove by our presence that the only way we can pay our debt to the dead is to serve the living. There have been cynics who have sneered at Talbot House. I do not for a moment suggest to-night that men of good will are mainly to be found in this country—they are found in almost every country of the world, but I do say, 'Thank God for Toc H.' What are the characteristics of this great movement? Briefly I think they can be summed up in one word, *brotherhood*. The law of brotherhood is part and parcel of the fabric of our life. This great British commonwealth of nations, which with all its faults is to some of us the best in the world, will pass away as other empires have passed away unless our national life is broad-based upon the fundamental fact of brotherhood. Toc H is not only a great religious work but it is a great patriotic work

because it is making a contribution by which this Empire of ours can go on from strength to strength. What are the implications of brotherhood? The implications of brotherhood are sacrifice and service, and Toc H is built upon the foundations of service. The late Dr. Myers, the Free Church minister, used to tell the story that one day when he was walking over London Bridge he met two urchins, one about nine, the other about twelve. The elder boy had an injured foot and could not walk, and the younger boy tried to carry him on his shoulder. Dr. Myers looked at the younger boy struggling with his burden, and said, 'My boy, is he heavy?' 'No,' replied the boy 'e's not 'eavy; 'e's me bruvver.' (Cheers.) "I am perfectly certain that if we can only get the spirit of brotherhood and service accepted, nine-tenths of the problems that perplex and baffle statesmen will disappear like mists before the rising sun. The things which divide good men one from another are relatively insignificant compared with the things that unite them. Toc H is rendering a great service to the cause of unity, and therefore I wish it godspeed. My part to-night is a very happy one. I am not here to-night to introduce Mr. Stanley Baldwin—he does not need introducing—I am here to-night to ask him to stand up and just speak to us what is in his heart. Among the great statesmen who have guided the destinies of this country—and I have met a good number of them—there is not one of whom I can say quite sincerely, honestly and deeply that I am more proud to call him my friend than our guest to-night." (Cheers.)

The Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, said: "My friends, Mr. Dunnico has given me a good cue when he asked me to speak about what is in my heart. That is all I want to do." (Cheers.) "No one who has witnessed for the first time that most profoundly moving ceremony of Light which has just taken place, could make a speech as the word 'speech' is understood. Oratory and rhetoric, with all their trimmings and meretricious adornment, are out of place here to-night, and unless on this one night in the year we can speak as men fighting men's battles and subject to men's temptations, unless we can speak heart to heart, what is the good of our meeting at all?" (Loud cheers.) "I have been but a spectator of Toc H, but I am learning something of its spirit. It is a spirit that I would share, and it seems to me that what represents the whole basis of your movement is an inspiration, an inspiration on the part of those who came alive out of the War and who felt they must pass on to the younger generation the lesson which they had learned in that school. We have heard much of the evil of war—and war is evil—and yet, mystery of mysteries, we see good coming out of evil, and good such that it is difficult to see how it could have come had there not been evil. We have learned, as perhaps we could never have learned otherwise, that there is such a thing as original sin. But we have learned too the extent of original good. We have seen released by the War great forces—forces of evil and forces of good—and we have seen them because the veil has been stripped from the soul of man. We hear how evil the world is. That is so, but never has there been a time when there was a more widespread longing in the heart of man for what is good throughout the world. The world has long been waiting for a new revelation, and the new spirit that is abroad in the world and which is breathing upon men and instilling into their hearts the very teaching which is the foundation of Toc H, is the spirit which has been born of the great sacrifice that mankind has made—the sacrifice of the four years of the Great War. This is largely a materialistic age, but it is a spiritual age too, and short-sighted indeed are those who come to the conclusion that with this generation 'organised religion' may have lost some of its force, and fail to see that never was there a time when people had more searched their own hearts to find a narrow path along which they may walk. Toc H has come under the influence of that. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and has always blown in this world to show men the way to the great adventure, and even as St. Francis stepped out centuries ago to show the way to his generation, so the founders of this movement have stepped forward in inspiration and in faith. They could not tell, they cannot tell, where their labours will lead them or those who come with them, but they have stepped out in confidence, in faith, and with cheerfulness.

"If I may speak of the War and the spirit that has sprung from those years of agony, if I may speak for a moment of myself, I do so only because, as the Chairman has said, we are speaking heart to heart. When the War began I was a man nearly 30 years of age, living a very comfortable life, and rich, with the prospect of being still richer. I remember seeing those groups of men in their shirt-sleeves walking down Kensington Gore, being splashed by the mud from taxicabs as they went on their way to drill. They were the first volunteers to join Kitchener's Army, and as I saw them I wished that I was with them. I saw the best of the generation of that time going out, and the death-roll soon began. In a moment my perspective altered, and I felt that all the values we had placed upon life were wrong. My one desire was to be free from any idea that I might be rich. I wanted to do service for my country, and the chance came to me. I was offered service in the Government, and, to my delight, in an unpaid post. I felt, 'Well, now I can pull my weight.' I learned to put myself into the background: I regarded myself as dedicated to the service of my country. It was an adventure on my part, and the moment you do that, you begin to think. And here I come to the gospel of Toc H. What men were learning—in far harder circumstances—I too learned, and that was to think of the other fellow, and when once you begin to think of the other fellow you begin to forget about yourself." (Cheers.) "And then it dawned on me, looking back over my own life, that the men and women whom I remembered, and to whom my heart seemed to go out, were not the brilliantly clever, the successful and the rich, merely because they were that, but the men and women who forgot themselves and remembered the other fellow. It is a curious thing how true the ultimate judgments of the world are. After all, who are remembered in the life of a nation more than those of its sons who, whatever their difficulties in life, whatever obloquy they may have gone through, were forgetful of self and lived for the other fellow? That is Toc H. Those who survived and came home, knew what the other fellow was, and they were determined that the sons and the younger brothers of those other fellows should learn what their forebears had been, that they should know of the wealth of power and strength that had been cut off in its prime. It should be an inspiration to us, that the good which was in those men, and to which so often they had been unable to give expression at home, should be reincarnated in their children and in generations to come. That is what Toc H is doing. Eighteen months ago, at Whitsuntide, I paid my first visit to that part of the world where a gentleman who honours me by allowing me to call him 'Tubby,' lived for nearly four years. (Cheers.) I shall never forget one spring morning walking up the Menin Road. There was not a soul in sight, and yet, as I walked, the whole circumambient air was pulsating and I was conscious of an unseen cloud of witnesses. That cloud of witnesses is around us and around Toc H all the time. They are asking the question I recalled when I opened the memorial of my old school, the most poignant question that can be put to this generation by those who who went out to the War—'Have we died in vain?' Do you remember Socrates' last words when he was sentenced to death? When he left the court which had pronounced that sentence he turned to the jury and said, 'And now the time has come for us to go our ways, I to death, you to life, but which of us has the better lot is known to God alone.' Life is difficult, and the prolonged effort to live in the inspiration of the best ideals is hard. But that is our job. It was not our lot to give our lives for our country, but it is for us to help answer the question of those men, and to give that service to our common country which hundreds of thousands gave on the battlefield, and which many of them would have given throughout their lives had they been spared. I thank God for Toc H because it is giving that answer. Again I quote a few words of what I said that day at Harrow: 'It may well be that the historian of the future, when he writes of these times, may say, at that time a generation was indeed wiped out, but from their graves sprang a rebirth, a new kindling of the spirit that raised our country to heights which surpassed even the dream of those who, in past times, had sacrificed most and had done their best.'"

Great applause and "musical honours" greeted Mr. Baldwin as he sat down.

Saturday : The Prince's Speech

On Saturday evening the PRINCE OF WALES (who was greeted with a tumult of cheering and the singing of the National Anthem) opened the proceedings. He said :

"I thank you first of all for the very kind way in which you have received me here this evening. In December, at the close of the year, we are always trying to look back, and to-night I would ask you to look back with me to a little white house in a narrow street in Poperinghe, where Toc H originated. Great things have small beginnings, and the house in Flanders has much to answer for. Those who knew it, as I did, regard it as something unique. The younger generation among you regard it as the cradle of Toc H. The original Talbot House is ours once more." (Loud and prolonged cheering). "Sir Charles Wakefield, having heard that it could be secured, has bought it for Toc H and has endowed it with the necessary upkeep." (Loud cheers.) "This action is one to rejoice the hearts of members all over the world. Since learning that the House was to be sold, the remotest Branches of Toc H in the Empire, as well as the poorest Branches in the East End of London, have urged the Central Executive to buy it, but they felt compelled to refuse this extra strain upon the financial resources of the membership. Now Sir Charles Wakefield has solved the problem with one generous word, and we are most grateful." (Loud cheers.)

"I also look back to two years ago when in the Albert Hall I launched the Endowment Fund. Last October the Fund stood at £62,000; to-night it stands at over £100,000." (Cheers.) "You have all heard of Lord Brotherton's gift of £25,000 for the Toc H Area in Yorkshire and a house in Leeds, and I understand that the transaction was completed this morning." (Cheers.) "We are most grateful to Lord Brotherton, and I regret he is not able to be with us to-night."

"We have had in the last few days an anonymous gift of £8,000 on condition that a new Mark is bought for London. Toc H gladly accepts that condition. Yet another gift comes to us, which is a memorial to Sibell, Countess Grosvenor, one of the first Vice-Presidents of Toc H, by her son, the Duke of Westminster, and which takes the form of a 999 years' lease at a peppercorn rent of the present Mark II and the house next door to it in St. George's Square. The income derived from the second house is to provide the salary for a whole-time leader. This is a memorial worthy of one of the earliest and closest friends of Toc H.

"Our junior members will be glad to know that £10,500 has been raised by those who have denied themselves smokes, newspapers, entertainments and tram-car fares. It has been hard going for those concerned, but Toc H is the stronger, and not only in finance, as a result.

"There is to be a change of policy. The Endowment Fund will continue, and I trust be completed by gifts, but from January 1st it is to be known as the Building Fund, and the money is to be available for our immediate needs or for investment and capital.

"The growth of Toc H compels decentralisation, and Area Councils have already been set up in Manchester and Leeds. These are bodies with a very large measure of self-government, and that seems to me inevitable and right.

"Now as we grow our responsibilities grow. People expect more of us, and they tend to judge Toc H by the samples they see, be those Branches, Groups, or individual members. Any member, any unit, may let Toc H down. Toc H must see that that does not happen. Lamps of Maintenance must be harder to win, so must Rushlights, so must membership. We are out to help wherever we can, but we must take more and more care who wear our colours. I do not think there is anything seriously wrong; I am only warning you against a possible danger. Do not let anyone think he can belong to Toc H for the asking. Try harder than ever to get the right mixture in your Groups and Branches and not one sort only, however good that sort may be. You ought to be able to find a place in Toc H for every man who is fit and able to play the game. You are not passing recruits; you are picking a team.

"I began by speaking of money, but it is more than money we want if we are to build Toc H on the right lines. We want the best of our schools of every kind, and my last appeal is to head-

masters, to their shrewd and sympathetic understanding to see we have the best they can give.

"In April last, when I lit the lamps of a number of new Branches, I welcomed the first beginnings of Toc H in Germany." (Cheers.)

"The body of overseas commissioners has been increased, and they deserve the co-operation of the great trading firms in the valuable work they are doing.

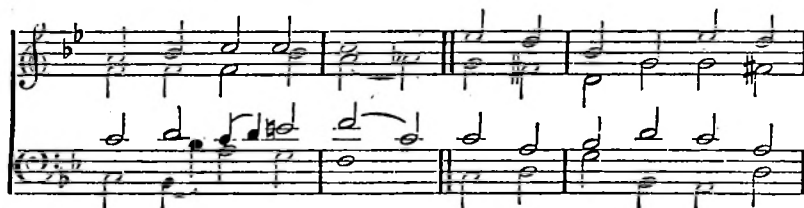
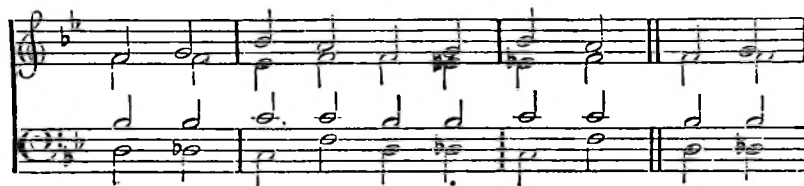
"In the great Jamboree in Arrowe Park I know there were many hundreds of Toc H men, and at the V.C.'s dinner Toc H was represented not only by membership, but by the motto beneath which the guests entered the hall. Over the door was the motto of old Talbot House, 'Abandon rank all ye who enter here.' " (Loud cheers.)

"1929 has seen great strides forward in the growth and consolidation of Toc H, and I look forward for further advance on the right lines during the next twelve months. I wish you all success and happiness in the New Year." (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

LORD FORSTER expressed the thanks of Toc H to the Prince for his deep and abiding interest.

"Light" on Friday and Saturday

The ceremonies with Lamp and Rushlight varied on the two nights. On Friday 125 units in and near London sent their Lights and Banners, the former filling half the arena, the latter the tiers at the back of the platform, on which Tubby and Lord Forster stood beside the Prince's Lamp. As these processions entered, were sung the familiar words—"Through the night of doubt and sorrow onward goes the pilgrim band"—to an unfamiliar marching tune, which here follows in response to many requests since received from members.*



* Harry Eliison heard this tune many years ago in South Africa and reported it to a Staff Conference of Toc H. Traced with some difficulty, its use in print by Toc H has kindly been permitted by Miss Morley Horder, owner of the copyright. The tune is by the late A. T. Blanchet and is called *Anima Hominum*.

Then followed Bunyan's *Pilgrim Hymn* and two verses of Christopher Ogle's *Hymn of Light*, the prelude to the ceremony of "Light" itself. The electric lights of the hall died slowly down; darkness spread from the gallery to the balcony, from balcony to boxes, from loggias to stalls, until all eyes were concentrated on the flickering glow from oil and wax in the heart of the huge dim circle of the Hall. If these lights should fail, there would be darkness indeed! The words of Remembrance in a loud, slow voice from the platform, where the Prince's Lamp lifted one tiny circle of light alone; the deep, rolling answer, "We will remember them"; silence in which nothing but the hearts of men and women stirred; the words of Self-dedication and their earnest response; then singing renewed and the return of common and more garish brightness—who can clothe a rite so simple and so deeply moving in fitting words?

On Saturday the "staff work" involved in the procession of Lights and Banners could only be fully realised by those who were "on parade." Problem—to seat 700 men, to remove them at the exactly right moment, guide them through the underground labyrinth of the Albert Hall, forming them into file on the way and providing each man with the right Lamp, Rushlight or Banner in his hand, and bring them back simultaneously by five separate entrances into the Hall, without the audience feeling a moment's interruption in the proceedings. Thanks to the stewards and, above all, to Rex Calkin's plans, complete "to the last button," the problem was solved without a hitch. The Lamp and Rushlight bearers had been sitting, *Toc H* fashion, in close formation on the floor of the arena during the preliminary stages of the evening, and as they rose to "fall in," the Prince of Wales (having just made his speech from the platform) came down with Tubby through the arena to a small dais in the centre on which his own silver Lamp was then set by "The Gen." To the singing of the audience, the five processions then immediately began to enter simultaneously—the old Lamps and Rushlights down the steps on either side to meet in the arena, the Banners down the steps to the platform on either side, and the new Lamps, with their Banners in attendance, by the north entrance straight towards the Patron who was waiting to light them. This slow, orderly movement, with its steady massing of men and colour and increasing brilliance as the flames were kindled along the ranks by stewards with tapers, had a beauty and meaning which deeply stirred the minds of beholders. Meanwhile, as the closely packed semicircle of Lights continued to fill the arena at his back, the Patron was lighting the new Lamps in turn.* Last of all, he lit the Silver Lamp of Wales, in memory of Sir Sydney Byass, which came forward accompanied by the banners of the five Welsh Branches. His task accomplished, the Prince stood up and turned about to face the main body of Lights and Banners. Tubby gave the word "Light!" and the ceremony, never more impressive, went forward. Seen from above, the Hall was like a shadowy crater, too vast for its limits to be fixed, its walls lined with dim and motionless faces; from its depths sprang golden points of fire, like living words, out of the surrounding stillness. So we remembered "Them."

"At the Sign of the Star"

Both evenings ended on the note of Christmas. "A piece of pageantry" has come to be expected at the Festival, and this time it was much shorter and more direct than the two "Masques" of previous years, and in its half-hour of changeful music and movement achieved, at any rate, a greater unity. The lesson of this wordless play or "mime" was of the simplest—that God comes at times and in ways unexpected and that He often awards the crown to those whom the world regards least. If "plot" there was, Barkis devised it, but it was clothed by Martin Shaw

* See Plate III. The new Lamps were those of Cottingham, Sevenoaks, Barking, Hinckley, St. James (Winnipeg), Valparaiso (Chile), Verulam (Natal), Wandsworth, Bardon Hill, Cannock, Cawnpore (India), Escombe (Natal), Fort Beaufort (Cape), Port Elizabeth (Cape), Handsworth, Morton, Rainham, Tavistock, Christchurch (N.Z.), Dunedin (N.Z.), Blackpool, Aberdeen, Newport (Mon.), Cowes and East Cowes, Darlington, Govan, "Maple," Parkstone, Philadelphia (U.S.A.), Poplar, Portsmouth, Rio de Janeiro (Brazil), Spilsby, Stepney, Truro, Watford, Carlton, Greenwich, Boldre.

in what a musical critic describes as "bracing, humorous and infinitely tender music." "There is an utter simplicity about it all," he continued, "and a sheer goodness of nature, that are entirely compelling. . . . Apart from its intrinsic excellence, its importance lay in the moulding power which it must have exercised upon the thousands who were packed within the walls of the building." The circumstances of the mime's creation and production were most happy. In the busy weeks beforehand Barkis, the "deviser"; Martin Shaw, the composer; T. C. Fairbairn, the producer, and George Brockless the conductor, had met constantly and found themselves working as a like-minded team. The Royal Choral Society, old allies of Toc H, had responded splendidly to the call for volunteers, providing 370 singers and 150 actors, and C. S. Macdonald had assembled a first-rate orchestra of 60 players, while Arnold Greir was once more at the great organ. It was thus certain from the outset that the mime would not be "let down."

To prepare the mood of the audience, freshly seated after a noisy interval, Martin Shaw's "Choral Song for Christmas," *The Crib**, was sung by the choir. This exquisite alternation of chorus and solo singing deserves to be heard in all great churches at Christmastide. It brings forward in turn the voices of all the persons of the scene at Bethlehem, the carols of simple folk, the angelic choir, the shepherds, the Blessed Virgin whose solemn *Magnificat* breaks down into "lullaby," Joseph, the Three Kings, even the ox and the ass. As it ended the play began.

Christmas Eve: bright moonlight floods the white arena—an English village-green under snow. Up a few steps, on the stage, a warm square of light shines through the panes in the door of the Star Inn. At the other corner of the stage, stands the entrance of the Stable, a weathercock upon its dark thatch: between these two buildings is a low garden terrace, with a stone seat against a yew hedge. Such is the simple setting. To slow and hesitating music the first actor feels his way—for he is blind—through the audience in the darkened stalls and steps forward into the moonlight. He is an old man, raggedly dressed in the knee-breeches, wide-skirted coat and broad-brimmed hat of Georgian times: we are in England of the mid-eighteenth century. On the trackless green he stops, bewildered, with his stick vainly tapping for a landmark. Toc H to the rescue—what simpler or more natural? A young man, in Toc H blazer and shorts, runs out from his seat in the stalls and takes the blind beggar by the arm; they walk on together towards the Inn and sit down to chat upon the steps. Enter then a third man, homeless too and hungry, a coloured pedlar displaying his tawdry wares on a tray before him, and singing as he comes through the audience—

I would I were some bird or star,
Flutt'ring in woods or shining far
Above this Inn and road of sin . . .

He joins the other two, opening the bundle he carries to offer them a share of his crust. Thus do the unlikely looking "heroes" of the play assemble—blind Caspar Faith, young Melchior Help, the Oriental Balthazar Humble. Those familiar with the traditions of Christmas recognise in these at once the names of the three Wise Men who were led by a star.

The bells from the village steeple ring out the half hour (they were real church bells from one of the first foundries in England, home of the best bells in the world, and they sounded, unseen, from the topmost gallery of the Hall). The music changes to a noble air which is often later to be repeated: already it seems to herald the onward march of some power greater than men. Nothing at first is seen but the pale light of a horn lantern moving slowly down between the ranks of the audience seated in darkness. Then the village Watchman, lantern and staff in hand, steps into sight. He is no ordinary village policeman, for he walks with visible majesty, the great blue robe which muffles him sweeping behind him through the snow, and when he turns about to cry, "Half-past the hour, on a cold, dark night," the beauty of his voice

* *The Crib* is published by J. Curwen & Sons, 24, Berners Street, W.1, price 1s. *At the Sign of the Star* (music, words and stage directions) is published by the Oxford University Press, price 2s., and should be ordered through the Registrar of Toc H, 1, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

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RAHERE

The Jester Monk.

EIGHT centuries ago King Henry I had a Jester named Rahere, who was one of the merriest and cleverest of the wits of the time. And as the British soldier in the Great War laughed his way to victory, so did Rahere finally attain his great life-work by the exercise of that indomitable determination that is born of the union of a light heart and a serious mind.

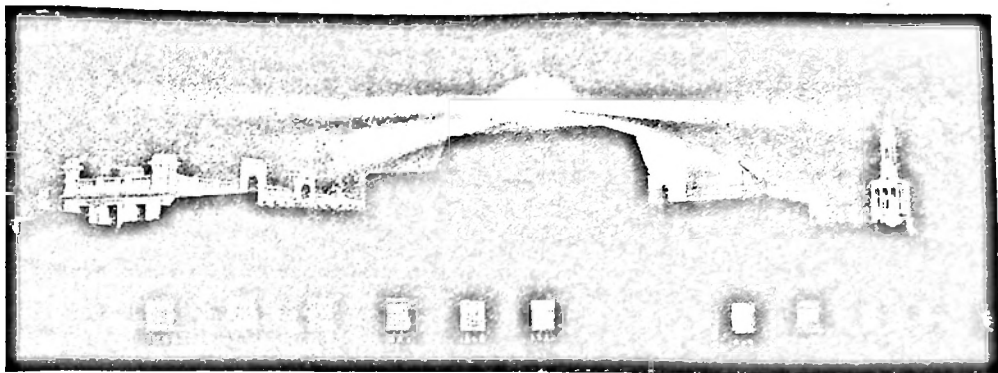
One day Rahere realised that there was something better for him to do than to use his high talents for the amusement of the Court. He found God; became a monk; and embarked upon a pilgrimage to Rome.

In the Eternal City he fell ill of the prevailing plague, and vowed that if he recovered he would build a hospital to the glory of the Almighty and for the succouring of the sick. This vow he duly accomplished. On his return to London he founded the church and Priory of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, and erected in connection therewith the Hospital of St. Bartholomew—the first established in London.

In this great work he was supported by the King, who gave to his former Jester the first of Bart.'s many Royal Charters. Henry granted the Hospital Royal rights and privileges, and ordained that they should be assured to it for ever by his heirs and successors. And so it has been.

This origin gave The Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew a unique position, which it has retained to this day, and created a tradition of serving God by serving man, which Bart.'s still cherishes as a priceless possession. Bart.'s, on the site at Smithfield granted by Henry I (now greatly enlarged), the mother Hospital of the English-speaking races, is still the only hospital within the city, whose Mayors and Aldermen and citizens have supported it steadfastly through the ages. More than that, it has grown to be a great national teaching institution; and, as from the first, its doctors and nurses have helped to build up the King's dominions beyond the seas, side by side with the explorers, pioneers, merchant adventurers, soldiers, and sailors, she can rightly claim to be the Mother Hospital of the Empire.





BART.'S LIGHT

LIKE Toc H, the Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew has a light—a great revolving Light-house Beacon on the hospital's roof, that nightly sends its beams over London and for thirty miles into the country beyond. And like the first Toc H Lamp, Bart.'s Light was lit by the Prince of Wales, who, in switching it on last December, inaugurated Bart.'s Great Reconstruction campaign.

The resemblance between the Toc H Lamp and Bart.'s Beacon does not end there. The motives and aims behind both are closely akin. Toc H motives are service of God through service to mankind, and the same mingling of piety and humanitarianism went to the founding of Bart.'s, the dramatic story of which is told on the opposite page. The Toc H Lamp aims to keep alive the spirit of sacrifice and achievement for the sake of others, that filled the hearts of so many British soldiers in the war. Bart.'s Light aims to remind all of the need for that same spirit to be kept alive in the war that is being ceaselessly waged against disease. Because of this close similarity between Bart.'s aims and motives and those of Toc H, Bart.'s in her present hour of need makes a special appeal to Toc H members throughout the Empire for help.

This Empire appeal, the second in the hospital's long career, is both for the requirements of the moment, which are clamorous, and also for the means to fulfil the ambition to which Bart.'s great past entitles her, of becoming a Model British Temple of Health.

The great British Empire should name at least one hospital second to none in the world, complete and fully equipped in every department, and designed in accordance with all the most recent developments of modern hospital construction. There should be one hospital to which every Britisher in every part of the Empire could point as the Model British Medical Temple. By its traditions and by its position as the only hospital in the City of London, the capital of the Empire, may not Bart.'s be that Model British Hospital? With the co-operation of the great Empire-wide organisation of Toc H, it will be Bart.'s. Toc H members are practical-minded folk who will want to know exactly what they are being asked for.

Many of the principal wards and other buildings, that have been standing for 200 years, require complete reconstructions; extensions are needed in many important special departments, for in-patients and out-patients. In the Medical College, new, properly equipped lecture theatres and laboratories must be provided for anatomy, biology and chemistry, and a residence for students. There are at present no endowments for professorial chairs or for research.

Every member of Toc H is invited to apply for an interesting pamphlet entitled "Bart.'s Great Reconstruction," and for booklet "101 Ways of Helping Bart.'s," both of which will gladly be sent post free. Don't put off a good intention till tomorrow: just write in a postcard now to A. F. Shepherd, Appeal Director, The Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew, London, E.C. Remember Bart.'s history mirrors the History of England, and was founded before many parts of the Tower were built.

TOC H PUBLICATIONS etc.

All communications with regard to publications should be sent to the Registrar, 1, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1.

TALES OF TALBOT HOUSE. By the Rev. P. B. Clayton. New Edition, 1928. 112 pp. Boards, 2s. (20s. per dozen, plus postage). Paper covers, 1s. (9s. per dozen, plus postage).

HALF THE BATTLE. By Barclay Baron. 72 pp. 1923, Reprinted 1926. 9d. (7s. per dozen, plus postage).

THE ROYAL CHARTER OF TOC H. Full text of 1922, incorporating the Amendments of 1925. 3d.

BUILDING TOC H. A guide to forming new Groups. 20 pp. 2d. (1s. 6d. per dozen).

THE LAMP OF TOC H. 5½ by 4½. 16 pp. 1d. each (5s. per 100, plus postage).

A FEW FACTS FOR NEW FRIENDS. Single-page leaflet. Free.

WHAT IS TOC H? Four-page leaflet. Free.

A TREASURY OF PRAYERS AND PRAISES FOR USE IN TOC H. Third Edition, 1928. 45 pp. 6d. (4s. 6d. per dozen).

THE SMOKING FURNACE AND THE BURNING LAMP. Edited by the Rev. P. B. Clayton. 144 pp. Paper covers, 2s. 6d. (26s. per dozen). Cloth, 4s. (41s. per dozen). Published by Longmans—*order through the Registrar of Toc H.*

TOC H UNDER WEIGH. By P. W. Monie. 98 pp. 1s. (9s. per dozen).

THE PADRE IN TOC H. A little guide for all Padres in Toc H. 16 pp. 2d. (1s. 6d. per dozen).

AN OPEN LETTER ON THE COMMON RULE OF THE LEAGUE OF THE LAMP. By P. W. Monie. 36 pp. 1926. 6d. (4s. 6d. per dozen).

HYMN SHEET FOR TOC H SERVICES. 4s. 6d. per 100, post free.

THE RENT WE PAY. An impression of Jobmastery. 109 pp. 1s. (9s. per dozen, plus postage).

"TO JOG THE JOBMASTER." A form for the use of Jobmasters and Members. 4s. per 100.

THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP: A Masque. *Part I*: Words by Barclay Baron. Music by Christopher Ogle. 42 pp. 1s. (9s. per dozen). *Part II*: Words by M. Creagh Henry and D. Marten. 14 pp. 6d. (4s. 6d. per dozen). Both parts, 1s. 6d. (13s. per dozen).

THE TOC H SONG BOOK. 135 Songs, words and music. 1s. (postage 2d.). To Secretaries, 10s. per dozen (plus postage).

THE TOC H JOURNAL. Monthly 6d. Annual subscription, 5s. Supplied to Branch Secretaries at 4s. 4d. per dozen (plus postage) for sale at 6d. per copy.

PICTURES.

THE LAMP OF MAINTENANCE. Colour reproduction, mounted on board. 6d. each (4s. per dozen).

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For Publications issued by All Hallows application should be made to the Secretary, All Hallows' Porch Room, Byward Street, E.C.3.

(Continued from page 22.)

makes people hold their breath.* The three plain men upon the steps are also agitated by his coming, they even try to flee, but he compels them with a sign to follow him to the Inn door on which he knocks with his staff. The door opens and in the warm glow from inside stands Master Surly, mine host. "Beggars—and my house full! G'rout yer!": he slams the door upon the three men, who sit disconsolately on the ground outside. "The night is dark indeed," sings the Watchman, "but I see the morning coming and hear the footsteps of the King." The King? In answer there is sudden shouting, and in a rising glow of light, the whole village pours into the arena—the Morris dancers before, the yule log following high upon the shoulders of men, with Folly, a boy in scarlet coat, sitting astride it, soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, old men, matrons, girls, and boys. Out from the Inn, churchwarden pipe and tankard in hand, reel a dozen toppers with the old Somerset song "Wassail! Wassail! all over the town." All the crowd falls to singing, and dances ever more madly as a drunken grenadier takes up the solo of the song, and the landlord brings out to them the wassail bowl. Breathless at last they sit upon the ground in a wide circle, as the village girls burst in, two troops from opposite sides of the green, and fall to dancing the lovely rounds and lines of the "Newcastle" dance. And the three men, strangers and wayfarers as they are, shall now be rejected again: the toppers spy them and hustle them with rough laughter out of the village revel into a dim corner of the scene. There they are to remain—until their time comes.

Once more the bells, chiming the three-quarters of the hour. The Watchman, who has been silently regarding the "secular" feast of Christmas night, its happy freedom and its pagan excesses, steps forward to cry the hour again: "Good people, the night is still dark but I see the King is near." The King? In answer a pompous march begins to sound and the villagers turn eagerly towards the entrance. Lanterns again, this time in "jazz" colours on high poles held by pages in satin and pearls: they light the path of a procession of fine gentry, led by a gorgeous lackey whirling his staff to clear the way. As Sir Glory Vain walks round disdainfully, with Lady Desire upon his arm, the village dances with delight and does homage, but their expectation is suddenly dashed when the Watchman waves back this glittering company with a gesture which no one can withstand. And again he speaks: "The hour shall soon strike; your King comes to you *now*." The King? The villagers are on tip-toe with expectation—and out of the darkness, with slow and painful steps, come to them two country folk only, a grizzled carpenter, his bag of tools slung on the shoulder of his russet travelling cloak, and a woman whose face is hidden under her hood. There is a pause—of incredulity on the part of the crowd, of alarm on the part of the two newcomers. Then the villagers break into jeering laughter, and Joseph puts a protecting arm round Mary, whose great hour is so nearly come. But the laughter dies out suddenly, and the pair go forward without fear, for the Watchman has come to meet them, has bent low before them, and now leads them royally towards the Inn. And somewhere a single clear woman's voice is singing—

of a Maiden that is makeless;
King of all kings to her Son she ches (*chose*).
He came all so still where His Mother was,
As dew in April that falleth on the grass.

It is the loveliest of all the old English songs in honour of the King's coming. While the singing still is heard—

Mother and maiden was never none but she:
Well may such a lady God's Mother be—

the Watchman has knocked at the door, Master Surly has once more refused his guests, but, in

* This part was taken, at very short notice and after several other choices had failed, by Major Loudon Greenlees (Scots Guards, a Toc H member). To his splendid voice and presence, to Miss Bridget Blundell's beautiful interpretation of the part of *Mary*, supported finely by Jules Corthesy as *Joseph*, the success of the mime owes very much. The large company of players, every one of whom gave to it all their enthusiasm and skill, will not feel that it is invidious to single these out for mention by name.

spite of his grudging impulse, has unlocked the Stable for them. The mysterious glow of the open door has received these weary folk : the door closes and the Stable drops back into the darkness of the stage.

Another tune—a lively tune of pipes—brings in smocked shepherds with haste from the frozen fields outside. They seem to be asking everyone, “Where is He?” and no one seems to understand. And then the bells from the steeple begin to chime the hour : slowly a deep bell, unheard till now, strikes midnight, and the air is filled with this sound and with the low music of violins. The bell is but half done when a sign is given to the silent village crowd—a Star begins dimly to glow just above the Stable thatch and grows every moment brighter. Slowly the villagers sink to their knees, and stretch out their arms to the King whom they now know must come to them.

The last stroke of the hour is tolled, and on it there bursts from the darkness behind the Inn *Gloria in excelsis Deo!* from hundreds of voices—“the most thrilling fanfare,” one writer calls it. This time there is no disillusion—the Watchman’s ringing voice proclaims that “the night passes for ever, morning is here : behold the King!” The Stable door opens to send forth the King to the people—the Child hidden in His Mother’s cloak. With radiant happiness now she faces them all, Joseph, still in his russet workmen’s dress beside her, rosy child angels with silver wings about her, Michael, the soldier archangel, in armour, and Raphael, the healer archangel in silver, scarlet and blue, attending her. In shining light the Holy Family goes up to the yew tree terrace—and behold, the garden seat becomes a Royal throne. The miracle of Christmas night, forgotten awhile by men, is repeated in an English village long centuries after.

But this is not the end. The Miracle of Salvation is not a remote event ; it never ceases to work miracles in the life of every day. God, born to men, chooses the last among them to be the first. The Watchman shall be His messenger once more ; the Watchman who, at a loud trumpet call, throws aside his muffling cloak and stands in dazzling rose and gold—Gabriel, the herald archangel. He challenges the waiting world—“Let him that is worthy come to the King!” And the world, in good conceit with itself, is not slow to answer. Sir Glory Vain with his proud gentry and his gay servants, steps out at once, with his pompous march sounding in his ears. But Gabriel bars his path with one gesture of vehement denial. The pomp of the music falls to pieces, the false royalty is effaced among the crowd of common people. Instead there rises up and up, the great air of the Watchman’s first entry, no longer a hint of power but the diapason of the heavenly armies marching. The three Archangels, a splendour of white light around the foremost, come down from the stage and pass through the lane of kneeling village folk ; with them walk also the angel children, bearing in their hands three crowns and robes, purple, crimson and gold. They do not hesitate or turn aside until they reach the corner where Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar, despised and rejected by all men, kneel in obscurity. The Archangels raise them to their feet and—lo! the three wayfaring men, though fools, are king’s indeed, robed and crowned and bearing gifts to the King of Kings. So, with the triumph of the music ever increasing, they go up to where the Star has so long been leading them. With the last crashing chords of the music—trumpets and strings and bells and organ—they are seen, in the clear white light at the heart of a surrounding glory of rose, lifting up their offerings to the Babe of Bethlehem.

* * * * *

A pause. Then the familiar chords which brings the whole huge audience to its feet to sing Blake’s *Jerusalem*.

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England’s mountain green . . .

Before their eyes as they sing there remains the doorway of an English Inn. From its English garden terrace, and into the darkness of its English stable again, the Holy Family and the attendant angels and kings quietly depart while they are still singing—

Nor shall the sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

In the arena the English village girls in their gay, hooped dresses stand still, the farm lads in the knee breeches and the soldier on leave in his scarlet, frogged coat, remove their strange hats. These are our Family Prayers, led on Friday by Pat Leonard, on Saturday by Tubby, from the platform. "O Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar, O all ye holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever!" On the first night, one of the most English of all figures and one of the most honoured and beloved, stepped forward at the end. Archbishop Davidson raised his hand towards the thousands of bowed heads before him—"The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace."

The Sunday of the Festival *In All Hallows*

SUNDAY, December 8, broke with a wet and stormy morning, but the family of Toc H was early astir. Four times All Hallows filled and emptied with Anglican communicants—beginning at 7 a.m. and again, as nearly as might be, each hour onwards. In the wet street under the grey sky the next congregation was assembled before its predecessor had come out. The glow of light from within, and now and again a wave of singing, reached those outside, until the doors opened and the outpouring congregation greeted with festival happiness those who now streamed in to take their places. At the later Celebrations, when the Underground trains had begun to run and to pour members in little squads from Mark Lane Station, two overflows were diverted to St. Olave's, Hart Street, near by. With All Hallows packed, St. Olave's was also half full. In all nearly 2,000 members came to the three altars of the old church—Laud's carved Table, the restored altar of the Cœur de Lion Chapel and the little Scouts camp altar in the south aisle—and to St. Olave's. And from first to last thirty-six padres were needed to minister to them. Warm light shone upon old stone and rich oak, on the clusters of hanging flags, on the pictures of the Elder Brethren; jewels of light were made by the flame of the Prince's Lamp in the painted panels of its casket; and a light, whose source was deep joy, was manifested in the faces of those who went forward in slow, continuous procession to make their Communion or who stood together to sing the *Carpenter's Bench*. Never before in its twelve hundred years of history, it is safe to say, has "Berkyngeschirche" received so many men on one day for this supreme act of worship. And when all the Celebrations were over, before midday, the church was filled again beyond all reasonable limits with eager listeners to whom George McLeod delivered one of the finest of "Festival Preachments" in his great Presbyterian tradition. Thenceforward, all day long, there was coming and going within these walls that now mean Home to so many men from far and near, until the last act of Festival worship that evening. And then All Hallows could not properly contain its folk: they knelt upon the stones, they sat on the floor of pews at others' feet, they stood thick in the porch itself. And Tubby spoke to them of most intimate things as though but two or three were gathered together. For in All Hallows the "family spirit" is free and knows no awkward constraint.

Of Pat's morning "Preachment" at St. Mary Pattens, up the street, nothing need here be said, for happily his very words are given to members in another place (see page 8). The church was so full that when the preacher left the pulpit he found even his own stall filled two-deep and had to perch elsewhere!

At the Tower

At 10.15 a Festival Communion was held for Presbyterian members in the Chapel of St. John in the Tower of London. This perfect little Norman church was nearly filled by the 70 members

who came. The Chaplain-General, through whose kindness the place had been lent to Toc H, came himself to greet them and raised their imagination by a short sketch of the Chapel's wonderful history. It was not only William the Conqueror's own house, standing now practically as it was built by him, but in it through the ages historical events of tremendous import had taken place. At these altar steps Queen Mary was betrothed, Northumberland had renounced the Protestant Church, and those who were to receive the Accolade of the Bath had spent their night's vigil. Indeed, the painting, so well known, of a knight spending his vigil before an altar, is actually a picture of this place.

The service was taken by George McLeod (Joint Minister of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, and Branch Padre) assisted by Padre W. D. Maxwell. Lord Craigmyle came to partake with Toc H members. George McLeod's father, Sir John McLeod, Freddie Bain, Robert Sawers (Organising Secretary of Toc H in Scotland), and David Boyle were the Elders, and in the old patriarchal custom of the Scottish Church distributed the elements from hand to hand. There was no sermon, just two psalms, some prayers, lessons and the 35th Paraphrase; all went to underline the simplicity of a true Family Service. Most of the Members went on either to All Hallows or to hear Pat Leonard at St. Margaret Pattens. Scotland thus showed its own Toc H identity in London and then merged itself in the Family as a whole.

At Talbot House, Trinity Square

One of the most encouraging facts about the Festival Free Church Communion has been the steady growth in the number of communicants since 1923 when it was held for the first time. On that occasion there were 35 present, in 1929 there were over 200. The Celebration took place in the large hall of Talbot House, Trinity Square, which, thanks to Stanley Clapham, had been, with the aid of carpets and flowers, transformed into a beautiful chapel. The covering of the Communion Table, the altar linen, and the vessels had all been used not only throughout the Great War, but in three previous campaigns. Many hundreds—probably some thousands—of the Elder Brethren had received from them their last Communion. Some members of the congregation had themselves used those vessels in a front line dug-out, and at least two had communicated from them in the desert near Khartoum, and on many occasions during the South African War. These associations brought very near to the congregation that great cloud of witnesses, the Elder Brethren. All were conscious not only that they were entering into communion with their Lord, but also felt the reality of the Communion of Saints. The celebrating minister was Padre David J. Wallace, who was assisted by Padres Alec Birkmire, Owen Watkins, Sam Davies and Norman Knock. All who were present carried away with them a memory which will continue as an abiding inspiration.

The Family Gathering

What little was left of the wet morning was used by many to visit Talbot House, Trinity Square, or Pierhead House, Wapping. Lunch was an early feast, and then the tide turned eastwards for the People's Palace in the Mile End Road. This famous hall, with its long and honourable tradition of service in the East End, was a very proper home for a Toc H Family Gathering. It was filled to "capacity," and almost beyond, with a crowd so cheerful that while a member was playing the music of the *Christmas Mime* on the organ, few beyond those perched round him on the platform were aware of it. As many chairs as possible had been removed from the front of the hall, so that members could sit close on the floor round the low dais (actually part of a boxing-ring) which held "the chair." Chairman in the strict sense there was none. Rex Calkin was playing his usual unobtrusive role of seeing that things happened in the right order; Tubby was roosting on the edge of the platform, ready for action as required; Barkis (lifted off his feet and brandished by Tubby at an early stage) took over Ronnie Grant's accustomed job of reading out the Birthday greetings (printed on page 29).

LORD FORSTER rose from his place beside Lady Forster in the front row and faced a great welcome from the family. Trusted and beloved as he is in Toc H, he has no need for commonplace public speaking. As chairman, active and regular, of the Central Executive month by month, he knows the secrets, bad as well as good, of Toc H, and when he faces the Birthday audience he speaks with the utmost frankness and from the heart. He very briefly reported progress in the year—the growth of the Prince's Fund, the outstanding gifts of Lord Brotherton, Sir Charles Wakefield and the Duke of Westminster—and then he stressed, as he never fails to do, the only Foundation on which Toc H can be built, the only condition on which its future depends—loyalty to a Divine Captaincy.

LORD PLUMER followed, stepping from his place beside Lady Plumer (who was recently initiated into L.W.H.), and delighted the audience from the first word of his short speech to the last. His face wore an unchanging gravity all the time. "I am a field-marshal," he rapped out, "and I have been subjected to a piece of gross insubordination on the part of one of my own officers. I have been made by Tubby to stand up here" (rapturous applause)—"but I'll be hanged if I will make a speech." He then proceeded charmingly to make one, which ended, "And if I were in a tight corner again, I think those whom I see before me now are the men I should like to have with me."

T. C. FAIRBAIRN, who joined Toc H as the result of producing its Birthday Masque in 1928, and who had created so much beauty by his interpretation, in movement, colour and lighting, of *The Sign of the Star*, was discovered in the audience and brought forward. He spoke briefly of his own happiness in being able to use the medium of the drama to set forward the religious purpose of Toc H. Members in turn had an opportunity of thanking him, which they did with enthusiasm.

Then came forward, at Tubby's bidding, a fine ally, not personally known to us before; LORD GOSCHEN (late Governor of Madras, and, during Lord Irwin's recent visit to England, Deputy Viceroy) spoke of Toc H in India as he had seen it. The life of the Englishman in India, he said, was lonely. He can get companionship, but that is not enough—loneliness is not cured by companionship. Toc H has brought to many an Englishman in India not mere companionship but *comradeship*. Toc H stands for joint enterprise, common purpose, united service under a leader—and that is comradeship. Finally he made a touching reference, as many must have guessed, to the son he lost in the war, when he said that the "old men" should realise that they were not in Toc H because they could do much themselves, but because they had to represent their sons there. Their presence was a sign of their confidence in the future. His hearers certainly felt their own confidence increased by Lord Goschen's presence and words. He has retired now from his great position in India and Toc H in the South will surely hear much of him from his home in Sussex.

"ARMY" WILSON (Christchurch, New Zealand, now at Oxford) was called out. He appeared—and went, amid cheers and laughter. GUY VERNON SMITH (Bishop of Willesden) first took his coat off to show how bishops are really dressed, and then spoke very warmly about Toc H in Ceylon as he had seen it. Then BARKIS said a few words to introduce the Secretary of the first German Grope. As he was speaking he lit two Christmas-tree candles, carried by gaily painted wooden angels, the work of German boy-scouts, which stood on the table before him. Tubby leant forward and whispered, "Say Light"—and a striking incident, which was entirely unpremeditated, took place. The hall was darkened, the audience rose, and the words of Light were said, with a new and significant preface—"With proud thanksgiving let us remember the Elder Brethren—especially at this time the many thousands from what was once the 'other side' who have passed over." Emotion, which everyone can understand, made it very difficult for HANS BUECHNER (Berlin Grope) to speak immediately after this: the tumultuous welcome, far beyond anything for which he was prepared, made it still harder. First he warned his

hearers that his English had been compared to a train entering a tunnel—"a screech, and then darkness" (but his admirable command of our language at once proved this to be a calumny), and then he voiced the feelings of our tiny handful of German members. They had been deeply touched by the Prince's warm reference to them last April and again at the Festival, and by many letters received from British members. They were proud to be numbered in the Family of Toc H. "You may be sure," he said, "that it was out of love for our country that my German friends 'took up' Toc H, which we are deeply convinced is a good and holy cause. . . . It is one way, perhaps the only way, to bridge the gulf which was opened by the unhappy events of fourteen years ago. To build bridges over the river of misunderstanding—this is one of the debts which we can never pay off to our unforgettable Elder Brethren." The Toc H idea, he continued, was too big to be confined to one nation alone, and their difficult aim was to express it in a German way. He ended with two quotations in "foreign" languages. The first, from Schleiermacher, a German priest who lived in a world, 120 years ago, which was facing problems not unlike ours: "*Wo ich ein Zeichen des Geistes sehe, der geeignet ist die Welt zu erneuern, fuehle ich mich hingezogen wie zu den Zeichen meiner Heimat*" (Where I see a sign of the spirit which is fitted to make the world new, I feel myself drawn to it as to the signs of my own home). The second quotation was more familiar: "Though many differences," said Hans, "may divide you and us, there is One in whom we shall finally be united—*In lumine Tuo videbimus lumen*."

Then came the tea interval. While one section of the 4,000 members present crowded into the adjoining hall for tea, PAT LEONARD provided comic relief with his baby cinema, a parting gift to him from United States members. The film *Flames of Friendship* was provided with lurid captions, in the best Wild West language. It portrayed a "Talk H nightmare"—the gorgonzola dream of a member, beginning with an armoured knight (Arthur Lodge) and going on to a "ghastly Guest Nightmare," the story of a Toc H meeting at which everything that should not be done takes place. The actors were mostly members of H.Q. staff from all over the country (it was filmed at the Staff Conference and at Mark IV mainly) and were caught in situations very dangerous to their dignity. The film, both forwards and backwards, had to be repeated several times.

And then came a talk from TUBBY, eagerly awaited. It proved to be much more than an inspiring item in a Birthday programme. It was a strong tonic, the sharpness of which was tempered with humour, to be taken regularly by all units round the world. Or, if you prefer, you may call it the marching orders for Toc H in 1930—and beyond. The whole talk is therefore set in the forefront of this new volume of the JOURNAL (page 3).

Padre OWEN WATKINS led home-going prayers, the last act of the Family Gathering. The great audience melted away, in many cases to the Northern railway termini and the prospect of a night journey home. But that was a small price to pay for so much happiness. Let us attempt no appraisal of the Festival—perhaps the best which Toc H has held. The last word shall rest with a leader-writer in the *Times*: "Toc H needs no commendation but its own record. It has flourished because there is work to do and men ready to do it. It flourishes, too, because, under wise control and leadership of unresting energy, it has provided the organisation without which the men and the jobs could not have been brought together. It competes with no organisation and it co-operates with many: and, while it undertakes neither preaching nor, in the denominational sense, teaching, its motive force is at all times the union of Christian profession with secular practice. Toc H wants nothing to justify it but the need it continues to serve."

Note :

A number of good photographs of the Festival may be obtained, as follows: Of the mime and actors, from E. T. Williamson (Mark VII), 17, Dame Street, W.C.1; of the Banners in the Abbey, from the *Daily Chronicle*, Photographic Department, 3, Salisbury Square, E.C.4; and of Light in the Albert Hall, from Central Press Photos, Ltd., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Birthday Greetings

BEGINNING at home, travelling round the world, and returning home again, the messages were as follows :—**HOME**: Telegrams from *Rotherham*, *Rawmarsh*, *Mexborough* and *Denaby*; from *Stockton-on-Tees*; from *Portsea*; “Hearty good wishes for present and future success of all jobs” from David Flather, former President of *Toc H Sheffield*; and a wire from “Sawbones’ mother” wishing Tubby “and your wonderful family many happy returns of the day.”

EUROPE: Greetings from *Ypres*; *Brussels*; “*Paris Grope*, especially conscious on French soil of our Elder Brethren’s sacrifice, very proud to be numbered for the first time amongst you.” (The *Berlin* greeting was delivered in person—see page 27); *Malta*.

AFRICA: *Cairo* (Egypt); *Lagos* (West Africa); *Dar-es-Salaam* (East Africa); *Western Province* (Cape Province) “sends Birthday and Christmas greetings to the Family at Home. Useful lad, Grantibus I”; and “Grantibus” (Ronnie Grant) himself wired from *Cookhouse* “My heart with you”; from *Kimberley* the “Griquas” sent “Birthday love—Toujours Toc H!”; *Toc H Transvaal* sent “best wishes to Headquarters and all Branches and Groups at home, not forgetting ‘Emmas’”; the *Eastern Province Provincial Festival* at King-Williamstown sent greetings from “five Branches, fourteen Groups of Toc H, and one Branch, eight Groups of Toc Emmas”; from *Rhodesia* came greetings from “the blokes at *Broken Hill*.”

PERSIA sent greetings. **INDIA**: The *Council for India* cabled “India with you in spirit. Her fourteen units congratulate their Mother on Fourteenth Birthday. 1929 (has) seen steady advance here: cheerfully anticipating 1930 under Bobs Ford’s leadership”; Mark I, *India (Calcutta)* wished they were with us; *Bombay* sent greetings; there were “best salaams from *Simla-Delhi* and Sammy” (Sams, Postmaster-General of India); and from General Sir Charles Harington “God bless Birthday Festival—*Tim Harington*.”

AUSTRALIA: Sir William Campion (Governor of West Australia) cabled greetings “from the Family in *Australia*”; Lord Somers (Governor of Victoria) sent wishes from *Toc H Victoria*; “*Western Australian* members” cabled; Bob Cave signed the cable from *South Australia*; Sir James O’Grady (Governor of Tasmania) sent *Tasmanian* members’ greeting to the Prince of Wales through the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs; special greetings came from the *League of Women Helpers* in Australia and New Zealand and from “Mac” (Miss Macfie, on a visit to them from England). **NEW ZEALAND**: “*Kia Oras*” came from *Wellington* and *Auckland*.

SOUTH AMERICA: From the Argentine, “*Toc H* assembled (in) *Buenos Aires* with you in spirit”; from Chile, “Greetings from *Valparaiso* and all Groups in Chile”; from Brazil, greetings from *Rio de Janeiro* (whose chairman was in the People’s Palace and received a great welcome), and from *Sao Paolo*.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: Coleman Jennings cabled from *Cleveland*, Ohio, “Sharing whole wonderful experience with you: blessings on you all.”

CANADA: “The Family in *Eastern Canada*” cabled from Montreal “May Light in 1930 bring clearer vision throughout (the) world”; Padre Broughall signed the cable from *Toc H, Ontario*. There were messages from “two Groups” at *Calgary* (Alta.); from Robert Legget, near *Cobalt* (Ont.); from *Nelson* (B.C.); from *Loverna* (Sask.)—with a special greeting to Gilbert Williams.

RETURNING HOME, there was a telegram from “*Aberdeen awa*”—“Spend naething but time”; The *Chief Scout* wrote: “I am sorry I cannot be with you all. I should have liked to congratulate you and all members of *Toc H*—but especially those who are Scouters and Rovers—on their successful practice of Service: and I should have liked to come the *Oliver Twist* over them, for there is a big and increasing field of opportunity before us. Best wishes for a top-hole Festival—yours, Baden Powell”; while *Lord Balfour* (a President of *Toc H*) wired from Woking, “Please ask my old friend Lord Morster to express to the meeting my warm congratulations on the growth of our Society and the marvellous and growing success which has attended its labours. I am greatly distressed at being unable to take any personal share in its Birthday celebrations.”

A Second Message from Lord Balfour

Lord Balfour, who has been confined to his bed through illness for some time, as a President of Toc H has since added to his Birthday Festival message a Christmas and New Year's greeting, which all members will greatly welcome. Writing to Tubby, he says :—

"I cannot allow Christmas, 1929, to pass without one word of friendly greeting to yourself and other members of Toc H. The magnificent work of Toc H spreads daily throughout the world, and it must be, and ought to be, a subject of great satisfaction to you, as it is to me, to see the fruits of your labour visibly spreading both at home and overseas.

"Our Society under your guidance never ceases to emphasise our civic needs, the consciousness of which binds us all together. There is, however, another side on which emphasis is not often laid, but which it behoves us to remember. We of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world carry out our common work, as befits free peoples, largely through the instrument of free discussion. This is as it should be, but it has its dangers. It involves controversy—controversy indeed is of its essence—but controversy, if it is to do its best, must be fair, and controversial fairness is not an inevitable accompaniment of controversial zeal. The habit of fair thinking, laid down in the code of Toc H, is as necessary to the efficient working of free institutions as the habit of clear thinking itself.

"With very best wishes for the New Year for yourself, allow me through you to offer my best wishes also to all members of Toc H wherever they may be working."

"BART.'S"

ELSEWHERE in our pages will be found a brief outline of the Great Reconstruction Scheme for which the famous Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew's is appealing to the nation and the Empire. This, the second national appeal made by the great historic institution in its 800 years' career, was launched by the Prince of Wales in December last; and the Lord Mayor of London has given it his unqualified and active support. Bart.'s need is great and immediate. Many of its buildings, erected 200 years ago, must be reconstructed; much of its equipment must be modernised and brought up to date so that the hospital may remain abreast of the most recent advances in medical and surgical science; and the work of research, in which its history is so rich (one has only to think of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who was for 34 years Bart.'s chief physician) must be given that freedom and impetus that can come only from a generous measure of endowment.

Founded by a monk, and for long attached to the Priory of St. Bartholomew, the hospital owes its origin to those motives of worshipping God by helping and succouring the sick that are of the very essence of Christianity. The noble traditions created by such a foundation are cherished and kept alive at Bart.'s to-day. Bart.'s is thus part of the religion of England. In addition she is one of our chief national institutions. A long succession of Royal Charters is hers; and the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London, in which she is the oldest hospital, have always regarded Bart.'s as a national possession in a peculiarly intimate sense. Bart.'s belongs to the Empire, as well as to the Church, the City of London, and the nation. The doctors and nurses she has trained have worked side by side with the builders of Empire in many an outpost, and to-day the doctors and nurses trained at Bart.'s are found filling important posts and working for humanity in all the British Dominions and Colonies.

For all these reasons none of us dares pass by on the other side, in face of St. Bartholomew's urgent need. By giving Bart.'s a helping hand in her great healing and educational mission, all members of Toc H here and abroad will be serving God, the nation, and the Empire.

TOC H ROVERS

OBSERVANT people will have noticed that on p. 328 of the October JOURNAL, in the report of the Staff Conference last summer, mention is made of the status of Toc H Rovers. The suggestions there put forward have now been considered and approved both by the Central Executive of Toc H and the Boy Scouts' Association.

The original agreement with the Boy Scouts' Association, dated May 2, 1923, has been replaced by a new one, slightly different and dated December 19th, 1929, the terms of which are :—

1. The Boy Scouts' Association recognises Toc H as one of the Organisations specified in Rule 2 of the Policy, Organisation and Rules, 1929, of the Boy Scouts' Association.
2. In virtue of this recognition, Toc H will be entitled to raise Groups composed of Rover Crews only in accordance with Rules 2 and 9, to nominate Chaplains and Officers of such Groups for appointment as provided by Rules 8 and 9, of the Boy Scouts' Association.
3. Toc H Groups will be attached to the nearest Local Association for the purposes of registration and the issue of badges ; they will be under the jurisdiction of Scout Association Commissioners for Scouting purposes only ; and the Local Association and Commissioners will not interfere with the internal economy of the Group or their relations with Toc H units.
4. Toc H recognises the authority of the Boy Scouts' Association and accepts their rules for the time being in force, as applying to all Groups of Toc H Rovers.
5. Toc H Rovers will adopt the usual Rover Scout uniform.

N.B.—(a) The word Group is used above in the Scout (not Toc H) sense.

(b) Toc H is not entitled to raise Groups composed of Scouts or Cubs.

The following *Rules for Toc H Rovers Crews* have been approved by both bodies :—

1. The primary object of a Toc H Rover Crew shall be to capture and train potential Scout workers.
2. An Hon. Commissioner shall be appointed for Toc H Rovers, nominated by Toc H Central Executive, and warranted by Imperial Headquarters, Boy Scouts' Association. A Rover Secretary shall be appointed by the Toc H Central Executive.
3. The Rover Secretary shall prepare and maintain a record of all Toc H Rover Crews, their strength, and officers, with such notes as he thinks necessary regarding the work done and the way in which they are managed.
4. The controlling authority for Toc H Rover Crews shall be the District Committee who shall inform the Area Office and the Rover Secretary at Headquarters of their actions. Where the District Committee are unable or unwilling to act as the controlling authority, the Area Secretary or Area Padre shall act, or in the last resort, the Hon. Commissioner, or should there be no Commissioner at any time, the Rover Secretary at Headquarters.
5. The Rover Leader, his assistants, Rover Mates and Seconds and all other office bearers must be members of Toc H.
6. The present scarf shall be altered so as to make it a registered copyright design to be issued by Toc H Headquarters Rover Secretary.
7. No one will be eligible to wear the Registered Scarf, though he be a Rover, until he is also a member of Toc H.
8. Other existing rules to be revised or deleted to agree with the above.

Accordingly the following appointments have been made at Toc H Headquarters :—

Hon. Commissioner—Rev. M. P. G. Leonard, D.S.O. ; *Rover Secretary*—John Mallet.

The Rover Secretary will be glad to receive the name and address of the Officer in charge of any Crews with which he is not already in touch and any suggestions for a new design of Scarf will be welcomed. It should be borne in mind that no Scout emblem can be worn on the flash.

J. M.

THE SCHOOLS CONFERENCE

SOME sixty Headmasters, School Correspondents, and representatives of the Toc H staff, despite several previous days of rather exhausting pedagogic confabulation, met at the City of London School on Tuesday, January 7, for the Annual Conference of the Schools Service Bureau. The Conference, presided over by Major-General Sir A. F. SILLEM, was cordially welcomed by Mr. F. R. DALE as Headmaster, by whose courtesy the place of meeting was arranged.

HUBERT SECRETAN, reporting on the work of the past year, said that at the present time 135 schools in England and Wales were being dealt with as compared with 114 in 1928. The number of visits paid to schools by Tubby, various members of the Staff, and himself, had increased from 37 and 53 in previous years to 59 during the last twelve months, but was still quite inadequate to needs; 49 schools were working under local arrangements as compared with 36.

J. H. LINDSAY (Commissioner for India) spoke of the development of overseas work, saying that the aim of the Commission was to put boys going abroad in touch with people of about their own age.* A friendly hand was a great stay to a boy going to a strange country for the first time, more especially if it were to such different civilisations as India or South America. With special reference to the latter continent, ROGER WRIGHT was able to outline a hospitable and widespread net of Marks, Groups and Branches in the great ports and smaller towns and friendly individuals in the wildest corners of the country, by which newcomers could be assured of a sound and friendly welcome in any place, season or circumstance. It was to the advantage of the business world to see its employees in happy and healthy surroundings.

BARKIS told of the interchange of visits by English and German schoolboys; of the reactions of a party from one of the most educationally and politically extremist schools of Berlin to English public school life as exemplified by Gresham's, whose hospitality they enjoyed. The return visit of boys from many English schools to Berlin was no less rich in surprises and shocks to preconceived ideas. The boys had been led to think, not only of the curious ways of foreigners, but also of the reasons behind these surface differences. In many cases correspondence was still being carried on. Further visits, not confined only to one country, were necessary, and some were being planned for the coming year.

After a not unwelcome half-hour's interval for the fortification of the inner man, TUBBY brought forward a proposal for a school's pilgrimage to the battlefields next summer, and he suggested that such a pilgrimage on a large scale was needed in order to counteract the influence of recent war novels. Schools were especially liable to become objects of this curiously inverted form of peace propaganda. The pilgrimage now suggested was not a thing without call, a mere revival of emotional memories, but the source of a very real power that came into a boy's life through treading the fields of Flanders. Small bodies of schoolboys, each year since Toc H was started, had come back quite definitely having seen something that they would never forget. Another reason for such a pilgrimage this year was that there was at present practically the ideal body of guides; 10,000 English boys should be shown this ground before it was quite spoilt.

In reply to questions arising in the ensuing discussion, it was shown that Talbot House at Poperinghe would be available throughout most of the summer for accommodating parties of schoolboys, and that a week-end of pilgrimage and rest in the Old House should cost no more than £2 10s. or £3. It was decided that arrangements should be made to carry out this scheme so far as possible.

The meeting adjourned at 6 o'clock to a special Guest-night at the Brothers' House, at which SIR WILLIAM BRAITHWAITE, the Adjutant-General, who was unable to attend the conference, was also present.

* See Lindsay's article on next page.

GOING OUT EAST

It will be remembered that in March, 1928, Sir Ludovic Porter, who had been the Toc H Commissioner for India, died suddenly, leaving what appeared to be a gap which would be quite impossible to fill. It was only by a great stroke of good fortune that in July last year J. H. Lindsay retired from the I.C.S. and returned to London, where he took up the work that Ludo had begun so splendidly. The following account of his job, which Lindsay wrote for the December number of "The Lamp" of Toc H, India, contains the substance of his talk to the Schools Conference reported on the previous page.

AT the start it was necessary to pick up as many as possible of the threads that had dropped loose after Ludo's death. My first help was Sir Alfred Pickford, who gave me introductions to some of the important men in the big firms trading with the East, and these were supplemented by others from Sir John Bell. In interviewing the men in these firms I received nothing but the greatest kindness and sympathy, all those who had been to India understanding only too well the great help it would be for the lad going out for the first time to be put in touch with Toc H centres in India. In the midst of these interviews a stroke of luck came my way and I was able to get possession of a list of all the firms on the East India Section of the London Chamber of Commerce. A circular letter was sent to all these firms describing what this office was attempting to do for men going out to the East for the first time, and asking them to let me have the names and addresses of any person going out for their firm. A large number of appreciative letters were received, and in some cases these were followed up by intimation being sent that Brown, Smith, or Robinson were leaving for India. Arthur Lodge, the Area Secretary for Manchester, hopes to be able to get in touch with all the Manchester firms in the same way; and Sawers—recently appointed Secretary for Scotland—will similarly get in touch with all the Glasgow firms. In this way contact should be possible with the great mass of firms in this country who trade with India and send men out.

While interviewing men in London connected with the jute industry, many of them said to me that they thought the man going to the mills required the service of Toc H much more than the man going out to the offices in Calcutta, as the latter was generally well looked after by his firm. As this opinion confirmed my own ideas on the subject, I discussed the question with some of the men who had come home on leave from Calcutta, and they all agreed that if a start were to be made in this matter the Toc H Group at Dundee was the proper place at which to begin. Accordingly, I went up to Dundee in September, and had a most cordial reception from practically all the recruiters of labour for the jute mills, and the promise of all possible help from the Group in Dundee, who, though small in numbers, are very keen in spirit. To get these men from Dundee into Toc H it will be necessary first of all to start a Group in the mill area itself, a matter which I hope will be possible within the near future.

The Group at Dundee were fired by this idea of working for something outside their own little circle, and the men going to India, and in their enthusiasm they said, "This is not enough, there must be the same sort of export of men from the big engineering firms round Glasgow and Manchester. Something should be done there." I promised to do my best to see what could be done, and steps are being taken through Sawers and Arthur Lodge to get a move on in that direction.

You will see from the above that not much really has been done in the way of putting men going out to India in contact with Toc H. Still, a start has been made, and there should be great possibilities of extension of this work, if what has been done so far has been on the right lines. Time alone will show what fruits the present work will bear, but for my own part I can say the work has been most interesting and thoroughly enjoyable. I only wish I had been able to spare more time for it.

J.H.L.

IN MEMORIAM

Alfred Root : Headquarters Staff

In April, 1926, some members, accustomed to a casual reception when they called at Headquarters, were a little taken aback to find the door opened to them by a stout janitor who was polite but firm about their business before allowing them to go further. They soon discovered, however, that the new *regime* was not only most efficient, but reasonable and kindly. In the three and a half years since that time Alfred Root quietly became an "institution" at Headquarters. He summed up and sifted the callers (and they are of every possible kind), he ran the telephone exchange with unruffled efficiency, he spent days each month wrapping JOURNALS; he and Mrs. Root put the whole house in order when everyone else had gone home at night, and guarded it from their own quarters in the basement. He brought to every detail of his service a quiet discipline and a very high sense of duty; on it all faithfulness was writ large. It was extremely difficult to get him to take a holiday or even to leave his charge for a few hours; in the early stages of the first—and last—illness of his life he refused to give up when he should have done. In dress and manner he bore the authentic stamp of the old family servant, for he had spent his most active years as a coachman in big houses. And he was proud to be a servant to the family of Toc H; he loved his job. After a while a Toc H tie was sometimes seen above the double-breasted black coat which he always wore on duty. He made only one public appearance, however, and then he was not recognised—in the knee breeches and black wideawake of John Bunyan in the Birthday Festival Masque of 1928 at the Albert Hall. He had more than a sturdy figure to fit him for this part; he had a touch of Bunyan's shrewd and humorous observation of men, his English forthrightness and his simple devotion to the job in hand. He suffered much before he passed over to the Elder Brethren on January 5. An incident of his illness may be mentioned because it was so entirely characteristic. The fact that he was receiving sickness benefit as well as his salary while he was laid aside worried him greatly—and week by week the insurance money came back to the Endowment Fund. "Good and faithful servant" indeed: it will be difficult for Headquarters to find his like again. To Mrs. Root, his unfailing partner in keeping 1, Queen Anne's Gate, we offer our sincerest sympathy.

Harry Cotton : First Chairman, Sevenoaks Branch

"John," as he was affectionately known among the members of the Branch whose first chairman he was, ended a life in which Toc H and its ideals formed a practical and daily part, on September 26, 1929. The six months' illness through which he passed did not impair the life-long cheerfulness by which he was known. He was a shrewd guide and counsellor, broad-minded and widely helping, so that his first recruit to Toc H was his most jealous rival in business. No task was too great for him to attempt and none too small for his keenest attention. He will be remembered with proud thanksgiving.

George Braithwaite : West Ham Branch

By the ceremony of "Light" about his coffin, fellow-members of his Branch paid homage to George Braithwaite, a loyal worker in Toc H, who passed over on November 27, 1929, after a brief illness.

Edward Darley Miller, D.S.O., C.B.E. : Vice-President, Rugby Branch

Colonel Miller, born in 1865, served in the 17th Lancers in India, in South Africa, and in the Great War. It was as a player and organiser of polo, however, that he was well known in all parts of the world. He was a J.P. and a Deputy-Lieutenant for Warwickshire. He was at once attracted by Toc H and quickly endeared himself to all the family. Though he had a true soldier's manner, his heart was full of gentleness to all with whom he came in contact.

TALBOT HOUSE—TRINITY SQUARE

NOW that we have become the possessors of a delightful old Georgian House in Trinity Square, which we hope will soon be known in Toc H throughout the world as the new Talbot House, let us talk about it a little.

The House is only a short distance from the spiritual home of Toc H. We will not say much about the actual building, for you have already had an account of it in the March JOURNAL last year, but those who saw it about that time will hardly recognise it now. Many of the schemes that were projected then have now become accomplished facts, *e.g.*, the Gym. with its boxing ring. Here on Mondays and Tuesdays you will see picked boys drawn from the various boys' clubs in London receiving expert instruction in boxing, with the idea that they in their turn may pass on their knowledge and experience to the boys in their own clubs; on Wednesday evenings the Toc H Sports Club are in possession; at the moment, Thursday has not been regularly booked up, though, of course, we have had shows here on this night; on Friday evening our own Scouts (the Lord Mayor's Own) make use of it for games and patrol meetings; Saturday afternoons are devoted to District Messenger Boys. In addition to these varied activities, we have already had in the course of a few days four very different functions, a boxing match—Irish Guards *v.* R.N.V.R.—an Overseas luncheon, a lunch hour discussion, and our Hall converted into a chapel for a Free Church service.

Now let's pass from the Hall into the Lunch Club, which has been so efficiently run by Mus and Mrs. Mus during the past eight months. We must not forget the personal charm of Ken Matthews which has meant so much in forming the real friendly spirit which prevails in the Club. The Lunch Club is fast outgrowing its home and will in a very short time wander into another part of the building, the average attendance being well over 100 daily.

Let's go below for a bit and have a look at the site for the Skittle Alley which is in course of construction. Gen is already making the approach to this quite attractive by the fixing up of panelling along the walls. It is hoped that here many a man from office and lorry nearby will combine to send the cheeses hurtling down the alley, between moments round the coffee-urn!

Returning from the Cellar and climbing to the first floor, we enter the room occupied by the Toc H Overseas Commissioners. It is here that not only members but those who as yet have not learnt the significance of Toc H may come for advice and help freely given by men of great experience, before venturing forth possibly for the first time to foreign soil. From this room many new contacts are made with members in India, South Africa and other countries, and many a welcome promised for those coming home or going abroad. Here are the Headquarters of the Emigration scheme for lads leaving the country for Canada and Western Australia.

Mounting higher we pass rooms shortly to be occupied by several members working around All Hallows and Tower Hill. Above this again will be housed the bath, together with a certain well-known City clergyman.

For goodness sake don't be put off by this article, but come and see the thing for yourselves!

G. B.—S. C.

What is Toc H?

It is probably five years since a newspaper reporter wrote, "The motto of Toc H is 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here,' and it is good to find the Movement living up to this splendid principle." More recently another paper seriously gave the Fourth Point of our Compass as "To preach the Gospel without practising it." And now an American periodical, reporting Pat Leonard's explanation of our name at a meeting in U.S.A., says, "A curious name, Toc H, which was a sign on a soldiers' rest-room back of the trenches at Ypres. 'Toc' was the British 'Tommies' nickname for 'tea,' and the 'H' an abbreviation for 'house.' It was in this tea-house (Toc H) that the society had its origin."

A TORCHBEARER OF HISTORY

'Twas like a torch race, such as they
Of Greece performed in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array
Passed the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw the expectant nations stand
To catch the coming flame in turn,
I saw from ready hand to hand,
The clear but struggling glory burn.

MOORE: "*The Torch of Liberty*" (1814).

When Second-Lieutenant Sidney Woodroffe, in his twentieth year, gallantly laid down his life at Hooze on July 30, 1915, he "passed the bright torch triumphant on" and, by earning the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross—the first gained by the New Armies—engraved his name for all time on the scroll of fame as a "Torchbearer of History."

Sidney, one of the truest and sincerest school friends a boy ever had, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Woodroffe. He was the youngest of four brothers, all of whom were educated at Marlborough College, and was born on December 17, 1895. Entering the school in May, 1908, he gained a Junior Scholarship, in due course becoming Senior Prefect and being awarded a Scholarship in 1913 at Pembroke College, Cambridge. In that year he received his colours in the Football XV and became Vice-Captain of the team the following season. In his last year at school he was also awarded his colours in the Hockey XI and was appointed School Captain of the Officers' Training Corps, which was at that time approximately 700 strong. At the close of the year 1914 Sidney left Marlborough and, forgoing his Scholarship at Cambridge, obtained a commission in the 8th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade. Seven months after his schooldays were over he died leading the attack in which Gilbert Talbot fell.

The photograph reproduced on Plate V. was taken at Marlborough about the time that he first won the Football Cap, which on December 6 was dedicated by Archbishop Lord Davidson in All Hallows, Berkyngechurch-by-the-Tower, in the following words:—

"Almighty God, who hast brought many sons unto glory, be pleased to bless this token of Thy servant Sidney, who counted not his life dear unto himself, but offered it up a willing sacrifice. And grant that we, being equipped with the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, and following his example, may quit ourselves like men, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen."

The writer of this short memoir was at Marlborough with Sidney Woodroffe, and, though he left school before him, kept in close touch with him by correspondence even in the dark days of 1915. Shortly before he fell, Sidney wrote to his old school friend, who was then on his way to Gallipoli, that he and his men were in a tight corner and that he did not think he would ever meet him again. This letter, unfortunately, did not survive the War.

T. DOWDELL-HAMPSON.

Note by Tubby

Calling on the West India Committee in Trinity Square, I met Mr. Dowdell-Hampson, who had heard from Sir Algernon Aspinell of the dedication of the Marlborough Rugby Cap of his greatest friend. Woodroffe's brother, to whom All Hallows owes the cap, is on the London Corn Exchange. In the Spring, Sidney's sword is to join the cap in All Hallows.



SIDNEY WOODROFFE, V.C., SECOND LIEUT. RIFLE BRIGADE.

He fell, with Gilbert Talbot, in the counter attack at Hooge on July 30, 1915. His Marlborough College football cap was dedicated at All Hallows on December 6, the Friday of the Birthday Festival (see opposite page).

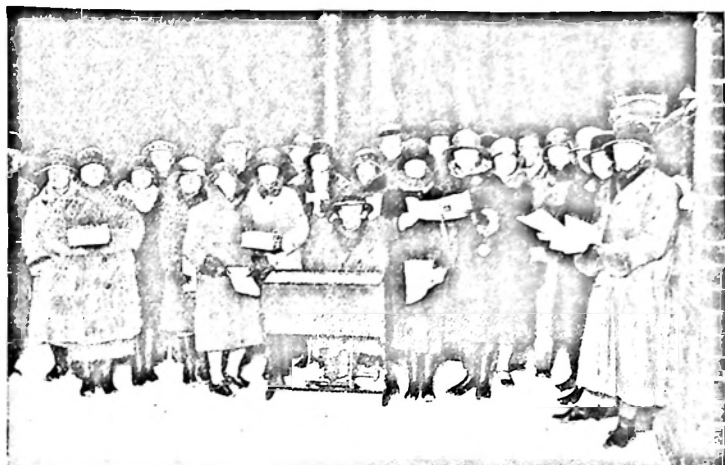


Photo 1 Lafayette

*Yours truly,
Bobs Ford.*

F. E. FORD: WHOLE-TIME PADRE OF TOC H, INDIA

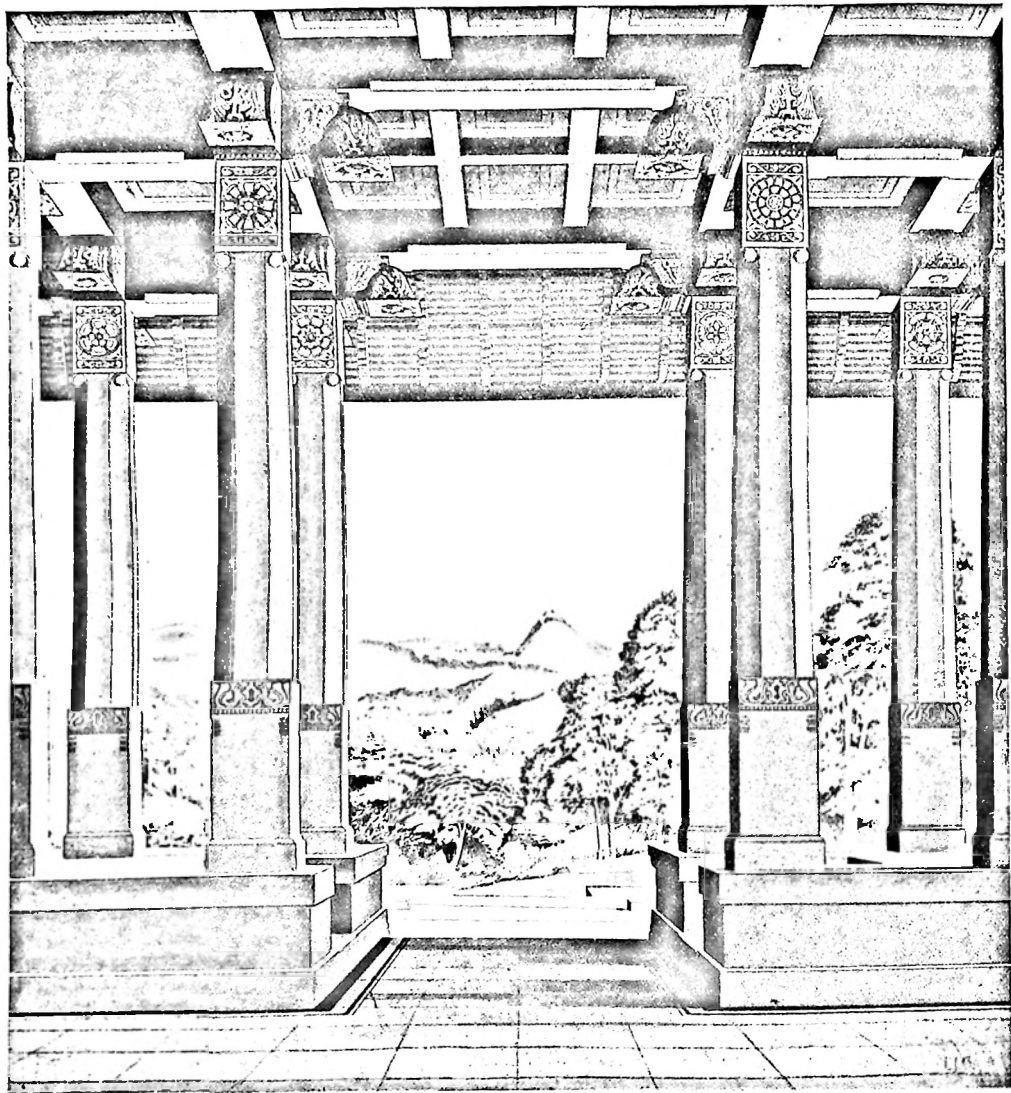
Oxford Branch to 1924; then Kandy Branch and on the staff of Trinity College (see page 29); Ordained 1927, curate at St. Chrysostom's, Manchester, living at Mark IV; then curate of Lancaster Parish Church and Branch Padre; sailed for India in October, 1929.



ABOVE : Colchester Toc H and L.W.H. go carol-singing.

BELOW : Practising Birthday Festival music in All Hallows.

(Photograph : *Planet News*.)



THE VIEW FROM THE PORCH OF THE NEW CHAPEL, TRINITY COLLEGE, KANDY.
 (From the drawing by L. J. Gaster.)

THE CHAPEL OF TRINITY COLLEGE, KANDY

Trinity College is strongly linked with Toc H through John Campbell (its Principal), and Gerald Streetfeild and Bobs Ford, who have served on its staff. The great stone pillars of its new Chapel, with their carved lotus-blossom capitals (pekadas) are being presented and named by various schools at home. One, partly given by Tubby and Leigh and Mrs. Leigh Groves, will bear the name of Toc H. To complete the gift, £12 10s. is still needed, and some members may care to send small contributions towards it to the Principal, Trinity College, Kandy, Ceylon. A few of these noble pillars are shown on Plate VIII.

TO put it briefly, Trinity is a Public School, in Ceylon, founded under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, by Public School men who tried the bold experiment of transplanting to tropical soil the old Public School Tradition with all its characteristic loyalties and institutions, its Houses, Prefects, and the rest. Ceylon is full of imported plants not really indigenous, but now perfectly acclimatised and fundamental to the prosperity of the Island, such as Rubber, Cocoa, Tea. The Public School Tradition is such a plant. It is acclimatised: it is regarded by generations of Old Boys, now holding posts of dignity and influence (including in many cases the dignity of being the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation of Trinity boys), as being quite fundamental to the prosperity of the Island. From India and Burmah, Uganda and the Straits comes the same convincing testimony of parents to the value of the school. In numbers the School is the size of Marlborough, just over 600, though the proportion of Home boarders is much larger. Rather more than 50 per cent. of the boys are Christian, the rest Buddhist, Hindu, and Mohammedan. Parents have a right under Ceylon law to claim immunity for their sons from Christian teaching, but they do not claim it. This attitude may not last for ever, but for the time being the conviction holds that the training we give must be taken as a whole, not one part taken and the other left, if boys are to receive to the full the mysterious benefits of a Public School education.

* * * * *

Our special circumstances enhance the urgency of the need of a beautiful School Chapel as an integral part of our life. . . . All the more so because that is a tradition of the country. The Palaces of Kings have always been subsidiary to the Temples, and it is on the Temples that the resources of art and architecture have been lavished. To go on worshipping in a building so totally devoid of architectural merit as to lack any single redeeming feature, is to associate Christianity in the minds of generations of boys with what is uncomely and uninspiring. Our presentation of Christianity can never be complete as long as the witness of Christian worship is overlaid and obscured by the limitations of early nineteenth-century ecclesiastical architecture.

* * * * *

Such, I take it, were the considerations which led to the launching of the ambitious scheme which we have inherited. Places of Christian worship in the East are too often jerry-built, ugly, and unabashedly Western. The late Principal would have none of this. He chose the most commanding site in the compound, and set to work to build for posterity, to build a thing of beauty, to build, so to speak, in the vernacular.

The material is the same old gneiss, hewn in blocks as gigantic as in the old days. A forest of stone pillars standing on a stone platform upon the topmost of several terraces faced with stone, that was the old ideal. The old roof swept in beautiful lines from the apex of the gable to projecting, overhanging eaves. The general impression of our exterior corresponds to that ideal. The ground lends itself to the formation of terraces, which will in time be walled with stone, giving scope to stone carvers of the future. The platform in our case is not one unbroken surface, the main floor being sunk between three and four feet below it—low enough for shelter, but not too low to look across, whether seated or standing, through the avenue of columns to the sunset glow on the Hills beyond.

J. McL. C.

NEWS FROM BRANCHES AND GROUPS

London Federation

In the *Eastern District*, HAROLD WOOD have been able to present a very satisfactory report of their work in providing country holidays for the blind. This year, in co-operation with the Bath Branch, 77 blind people have been entertained happily, cheerfully and with financial success. The Branch, however, are not content with this advance on last year and plan many more holidays for the coming summer. A sportsmen's service, at which an address was given by the Right Hon. George Lansbury, was also organised by the Branch, at the War Memorial Institute. After Light, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" by the Methodist Church Choirs of Harold Wood and Brentwood, the speaker pleaded for the true spirit of sport and for real love and understanding, which together might bring lasting peace into lives and workshops. During the past months, ROMFORD have been giving help in many quarters. The proceeds of a joint dance with the L.W.H. went to the local Tuberculosis Care Association; a Concert was organised and scenery painted for it in aid of the Hornchurch Boys' Club; and assistance was given at the Parish Church Bazaar. On November 17 the Group was rededicated at the Parish

Church, and the following evening Alex Birkmire talked at a most enjoyable Birthday Guest-night. St. John's, Seven Kings, Dramatic Club, which includes members of the ILFORD Branch, will be pleased to hear, through A. H. Allen, of 117, Elgin Road, Seven Kings, of opportunities to give plays in the cause of charity.

The *Western District* has reported in favour of subdivision into "West London" and "West Middlesex" districts under the proposed new London Area Council, and L. H. Dunphy (Acton) has undertaken to prime himself in Toc H finance in order to explain the situation to Groups and Branches. Barkis will talk with special reference to overseas progress and Germany, at the next District Guest-night at St. Etheldred's Hall, arranged by CHELSEA and FULHAM. A new Grope is in view at DENHAM, which, with the approval of the Thames Valley District, is being fathered by UXBRIDGE, and SOUTH KENSINGTON has, meanwhile, received its Rushlight. CHISWICK are installed in a comfortable home at last in St. James' Hall, Gunnersbury, the vicar of the parish having renewed his acquaintance with Toc H through EALING.

Southern and South-Eastern Area

BOURNEMOUTH'S ambitious Christmas programme included a visit by Father Christmas to 500 poor Bournemouth kiddies, many nights of Carol singing and a Whist Drive for the same cause, as well as a Birthday on December 11. Pat Leonard preached at St. Michael's Church for this latter, and afterwards displayed his now world-famous film, *Flames of Friendship*, at a joint Social with the L.W.H. PARKSTONE are to be congratulated on becoming a Branch. On December 10, the recently acquired Lamp of COWES AND EAST COWES was consecrated at the Parish Church by the Vicar and Branch Padre, and

in the evening there was an enjoyable musical programme at the new headquarters. A house to house collection in aid of St. Dunstan's has been undertaken.

The Grope at SHEERNESS have found two good jobs in collecting boots and shoes for the poor children of the districts and in preparing a Sale of Work for the Hospital. In the meantime, they have received much valuable help from RAINHAM and SITTINGBOURNE. In November, GODALMING'S new series of Guest-nights on different aspects of Toc H was continued with the subject of "Toc H and Relations in Industry," and among other things, articles in the

JOURNAL have been discussed. Acting as "big brothers" to visitorless boys at Pyrford Homes for Crippled Children, and a Concert and Whist Drive for Carlton Convalescent Institution were three recent Branch jobs. There is a cheering inflow of probationers to take the place of many members leaving the district. A District Guest-night was held at WOKING on November 30, when a good

muster heard Padre Simmas speak on Poplar and its needs, and listened to a good musical programme. HASTINGS had a controversial evening when visited by Father Mellor on November 14, and a very interesting one the following week by the Deputy Mayor of Rye on the history of his town. The Annual Supper, and the "Threepenny Donation Scheme" Draw were events in December.

Eastern Area

PARK STREET and FROGMORE received visitors from many units at their Birthday Meeting on November 18, when Paul Slessor led an amusing round tour to many distant quarters of Toc H, and Archie Harwood put forward a telling reminder that ideals can never be put too high. Tubby spoke with much sound advice and inspiration for the climbing of the hill at the foot of which we are now standing, when WATFORD held their second Birthday in December. Their jobs are varied: a Deaf and Dumb Club meets twice a month; the local hospital has been decorated for Christmas; a sing-song organised at the infirmary, where the library is run by the Branch; and the Boys' Farm School at Enfield visited during an instructive and helpful afternoon. LEIGHTON BUZZARD, on the occasion of the dedication of

their Lamp on December 1, were visited by Pat Leonard, who preached, supped, talked, and celebrated Holy Communion in the Parish Church, and by members of some half-a-dozen other units. OXFORD Branch succeeded in taking the whole Children's Ward of the Wingfield Hospital to a Circus in November, in spite of a gale which blew up at the last moment, and made it necessary not only to obtain a bus at five minutes' notice, but also to persuade a policeman to postpone a traffic jam for the occasion. A boisterous Guest-night at CAMBRIDGE on November 23 included such varied items as songs and ballads, Scotch stories and an imitation of an Irish political meeting, George McLeod and Pat Leonard. A crowded week-end left the branch splendidly inoculated with Toc H.

East Midlands and Lincs. Area

Tommy Cooke, a blind member of ANSTEY, recently told the Group the fascinating story of Louis Braille and how the blind are taught to read. On another night, Page of Nottingham concluded his series on holidays in Germany, and on November 29 the Endowment Fund benefited very considerably from a Whist Drive run by the Group. BARDON HILL have had a number of interesting lectures on the League of Nations, and on November 12 heard Skipper of Coalville outline "Our Duty in Toc H." In the future, BELGRAVE, with the co-operation of the L.W.H., will supply assistants each Sunday evening at the St. Albans Branch of the Sunday

Night Club in the rooms in Bardolph Street. The membership of the Boys' Club which has been formed at IBSTOCK and now functions twice a week, has jumped in a very short time from two to 24. LEICESTER held a "Retreat" at Saddington Hall on November 23 and 24, when long and animated fire-side discussions alternated with more energetic forms of relaxation. Recent interesting Guest night speakers include the Chief Constable on "The Police Force," Mr. H. H. Peach, J.P. on "Saving the Countryside," and Felix on "The Hereafter." SLEAFORD'S winter activities now include a Boys' Club and a most successful Concert Party.

North-Western and Yorkshire Council Areas

On December 7 and 8, WAKEFIELD organised a concert by Dr. Barnado's Musical Boys in the Unity Hall, which attracted a very large audience, and on another occasion 300 blind people were entertained at an excellent concert at the Institution for the Blind, Leeds, by HAREHILLS Group. MARK IV Players, Manchester, recently gave their fiftieth performance, in the presentation of four one-act plays, with music by the

associated orchestra, at the University Settlement Theatre in Ancoats. The Players, who had their origin in September, 1926, now play at Hospitals, a Sanatorium, a Blind Asylum, several Blind and Disabled Societies, Missions, Lads' Clubs, and Welfare Centres, and their progress may be judged from the fact that they have entered a one-act play for the British Drama League Festival Competition this year.

Scotland

On St. Andrew's Night, November 30, a crowd of 150, including representatives from ABERDEEN, COATBRIDGE, DUNDEE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, GOVAN, GREENOCK, HAMILTON, IRVINE and POLLOK, welcomed Pat Leonard, Malcom Speir, Padre Reid from Bombay, and Robert Sawyers, their new Organising Secretary, at a Scottish Guest-night in Glasgow. There was a sing-song for the very merry party, and a wax-works show by Hamilton Group, while the Oatcake Competition (which entailed eating an oatcake or bannock and then whistling a verse of the National Anthem) was won by Lachie Cameron for Glasgow. Malcom Speir introduced the Organiser, who felt

hopeful of Toc H spreading throughout Scotland, and sure of support from all units. Pat's telling speech made a deep and lasting impression.

On October 27, the Rushlights of POLLOK and GOVAN were dedicated by Canon Petrie in St. Margaret's Church, Glasgow, when Padre James of Govan preached a stirring sermon. HAMILTON, on December 12, opened and dedicated their new Club Room, which the previous tenants evacuated as the result of a gas explosion. The Group Padre conducted the dedication, and the ensuing sing-song was followed by an absorbing talk on Toc H in Bombay by Padre Reid and a hearty welcome for Robert Sawyers.

Ireland

In BELFAST has been held the first District Guest-night, with representatives present from five city Groups. The UNIVERSITY Grope is very active at the Borstal and the "SOUTH" Grope often finds its way there as well. A committee has been appointed for the Prison work, and there have been negotiations with the Carnegie Treasurer on the subject of libraries for institutions. At the News Boys' Club, over 100 boys get refreshments on many nights, a figure which gives some notion of progress made. Preparations for the formation of Farmers' Clubs are far

advanced in LURGAN. CARRICKFERGUS held their Birthday Party on December 14. Recent BELFAST speakers include Mr. de Selincourt on W.E.A., Mr. Armstrong on "A Lodging House," and something about China from the Rev. W. Cargin.

DUBLIN, the first Grope in the Free State, now meet regularly each Thursday evening, and, amongst other jobs, have taken a dozen ex-soldiers to hear Admiral Campbell's excellent lecture at the Royal Dublin Society, and provided man-power for a Rummage Sale in the slums.

Wales

Two new Groups are to be welcomed this month. The occasion of the receiving of the Rushlight by YSTRAD MYNACH on November 20 was particularly interesting, for at this ceremony three members were initiated in Welsh. On December 12, BARGOED also became a Group, and these two units join with CAERPHILLY to form a real Toc H stronghold in the important Rhymney Valley District. A successful meet-

ing was held at YSTRADGYNLAIS recently and PONTYPRIDD, too, soon hope to acquire a Rushlight. PRESTEIGNE is chiefly occupied with Scouts, but a Miners' Training Camp nearly fills their spare time, and they also specialise in transferring patients long distances to a local sanatorium. Great enthusiasm has been aroused by Tubby's promised visit to SWANSEA on February 20, and a bumper reception is being arranged.

News from Overseas Branches and Groups

AUSTRALIA

BALLARAT lately tested all the wireless earphones in the Hospital, where fine work is being done through Dr. "Sos" Slater. New recruits to the Group are the Rev. W. E. Moorhouse, of St. Aidan's College, and "Chick" Fawell, late of Barnet Branch, England. The BRISBANE Branch held its Birthday Festival on August 2, and according to reports received it did not lack any enthusiasm. This is one of the States where "the going has been hard," but the acquisition of their own club rooms has made a great difference to the Family there. Among the speakers was the State Governor, Sir John Goodwin, himself a member of the Branch. First-hand information from SYDNEY Branch tells that they have already settled down to preparations for the Australian Birthday Festival of 1930. The leaders of the various sub-departments in connection with the Festival are steadily working at their plans. Indications even at this early stage show that it will be "something big." Sydney Branch probationers recently were given sole charge of a meeting and proceeded along lines somewhat similar to those of the FITZROY (Vic.) probationers a few months back. In this instance it is worthy of note that while the aspirants were busy clearing away and washing up after tea, the members themselves were taken aside by

their pilot for Family talk. Sydney's probationers went to the extent of writing a special song about themselves. Country development is steadily progressing in New South Wales under the compelling influence of Padre Ted Davidson. DUBBO Group (N.S.W.) is now well established in a flourishing centre and no doubt will in time be a pivotal unit for extension work on the western plains of the State.

The COBAR Group (N.S.W.), though still small in numbers, is well dug in. Bishop Crotty of Bathurst dropped in on them recently during a tour of the far west areas of his vast diocese, and Ted Davidson has also visited and cheered them up considerably. "Sparks" Farmer (from Federal Headquarters, Melbourne), who started them off some eighteen months ago, went out there again early in August and spent a few days of his holidays with Padre Kircher. The Group has secured a really fine little home for itself. Willing and busy hands have effected wonderful transformations inside a derelict cottage which long lacked tenants, and has been promptly named *The Gunyah*. Each of the four walls of the meeting-room bear a point of the compass painted thereon by the Padre's artistic fingers. It is cosily furnished in "bush fashion," and with its big open fireplace for a log fire on a winter

night, it makes one of the best meeting-places and homes for a Toc H Family that one is likely to find anywhere.

In Victoria the Metropolitan and Country Groups are in co-operation in alleviating much of the distress in MELBOURNE during a severe winter, and a number of the Branches and Groups have been cutting and transporting wood to needy firesides. Appeals for clothing have been well responded to and have kept many of the units busy distributing. The WARRNAMBOOL Group has sent up 38 bags of onions and 3 cwt. of vegetables to a suburban mission, and also 460 bags of clothing have been collected and sent to Melbourne for distribution. On August 6, the recently pro-

moted BRUNSWICK Branch dedicated their Lamp. The dedication was conducted by Padre Baldwin of the Fitzroy Group.

In Tasmania the Groups along the North-West coast combined and met at ULVERSTONE, the occasion being the launching of a new Group there. Representatives from HOBART, LAUNCESTON, BURNIE, and DEVONPORT were among the cheery gathering. Reports say that a good start has been made and that several recruits for Ulverstone have resulted.

The South Australian Family celebrated their Birthday Festival on August 3, and Padre Ted Davidson of Sydney made the journey round to ADELAIDE to take part in their celebrations.

AFRICA

A joint Birthday Celebration of Toc H and L.W.H. was held in WYNBERG on October 30, with music and good talks from Grantibus and Roscoe, and SEA POINT's was also held a week later, when the attractions included a film of the Scout Jamboree in England last summer. Grantibus organised a big service in the City Hall on Armistice day, and "The Unknown Warrior" was very impressively produced, the whole evening being presided over by Bishop Talbot. The Bishop of Pretoria also officiated at the Dedication and Reception in the Cathedral on the occasion of the Third Birthday of CAPETOWN CENTRAL. Some 200 very sociably enjoyed the gathering afterwards, the programme of music and games and the magnificent Birthday Cake which went with it.

A special service in the Highlands Cathedral conducted by the Dean marked the first anniversary of the formation of the NAIROBI Group. At a supper at the Nairobi Hotel, Dougall gave a thought-provoking exposition of Toc H from many points of view, illustrated by some of the work done in Nairobi itself, as, for example, Scouts, Rovers, Boys' Clubs, the visiting of the European Fever Hospitals and the Prison, the collection and distribution of books and papers where needed, and in general, the quiet helping of lame dogs over stiles. Finally, he exhorted the people of

Nairobi to some study of the difficult problems surrounding them, for "Thought is Work."

In spite of the frequent changes of membership which handicap a mining district, QUE QUE have progressed steadily and initiated 25 members since their foundation two years ago. A Toc H Carol Society was organised at Christmas.

The chief corporate job which has been occupying the attention of PARKVIEW is that of friendship with the Hope Convalescent Home for Children. A wireless set has been installed and kept in order, and the cripple children are taken for excursions by car from time to time, while plans for the future include a giant stride for their amusement.

The opening of the new Boys' Hostel at PIETERMARITZBURG on November 27 by His Honour the Administrator of Natal, was the outcome of a long period of hard preparation and thought. Nine boys, none of whom earns more than five guineas a month, are now installed there, and a savings scheme run by the board of management enables them not only to live in a happy and friendly atmosphere, but also to save some little for the future out of their meagre salaries. Though not lacking in enthusiasm, a team of Branch debaters were recently defeated by Helton College on the motion that "The good old times were better than the present."

NEW ZEALAND

WELLINGTON Branch has made a firm contact with the Boys' Probation Home, where a team has shouldered the responsibility of a weekly night's recreation and the occasional entertainment of the lads. Another team helps the St. Mary's Orphanage at Karori on Saturday afternoons by digging vegetable gardens, and still another has undertaken the production of vegetables for the

Levin Home. Jobs have been extraordinarily varied—a farmer's cow milked for a week, the children of a tubercular ex-soldier minded and his wood chopped, wireless sets installed in an Old Men's Home and a library started for them, among others. Guest-nights, too, have been interesting, especially the visit of Miss Macfie, who was welcomed at a combined meeting of Toc H and L.W.H.

IRAQ, MALTA AND CEYLON

The new Group of BAGDAD-HINAIDI has already laid firm foundations for its work, largely with the support of the R.A.F. Meetings are held weekly with debates, five-minute talks, lectures and sing-songs, and the search for jobs in this difficult country has gone steadily on. Hospitals are visited and the Group has helped the padre to organise trips to the historical sites of Babylon and Kikkuk. A Toc H trip to the oil-fields at Khanagin and a week-end at Rushtum Farm were the source of much benefit.

In spite of many problems and difficulties beforehand, the Second Birthday Festival Service in the Cathedral at MALTA on November 10 was one calculated to remain long in the memory of the crowded congrega-

tion of civilians and men of the Navy, Army and Air Force, among whom was the Lieutenant-Governor. To the music of the old organ and the string band of one of the battleships, many hymns were sung with a lusty and stirring enthusiasm.

On October 28, COLOMBO heard a vivid account of the Jamboree from J. H. de Saram. Many more boys have been received and welcomed from incoming ships, and the Boys' Club is progressing. Toc H Troops were prominent at the Boy Scouts' Rally at Rutwal on October 26, notable among them being the troop of the Deaf and Blind School, whose band has again been broadcast. The Archdeacon of Colombo has consented to become Branch Padre.

MULTUM IN PARVO

♣ We congratulate the Red House, Leeds, on becoming Mark XIX.

♣ HARRY EASTWOOD, after three years devoted service, has left the London Federation office and is at present working part-time at British Headquarters; his place as Assistant London Secretary is taken by ALEC CHURCHER.

♣ JOLLIFFE WALKER has been transferred as Resident Pilot from Mark IX, Bristol, to Mark XII, Halifax. We welcome the appointment of H. WYNNE JONES as Area Pilot for Wales, as from February 1.

♣ HAROLD BAGOT leaves the chaplaincy of Salford on April 1, and returns to Australia in time for the Birthday Festival at Sydney.

♣ "DICK" PENNELL has been granted three months' sick leave from Southampton, and we all hope to welcome him back fit after a sea voyage.

♣ H. W. THOMSON has now joined Harry Ellison's staff as Overseas Commissioner for Malaya. ROGER WRIGHT is acting as Commissioner for South America, in the absence in that Continent of General HARRISSON.

♣ The EARL OF HOME (President of the Scottish Council of Toc H) broadcast an appeal for Toc H, Scotland, from Edinburgh on Sunday, January 12, from which we hope to hear good results.

A FEW FACTS FOR NEW FRIENDS OF TOC H

The Patron of Toc H is H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

The Presidents are THE RIGHT HON. STANLEY BALDWIN, P.C., M.P.; THE EARL OF BALFOUR, K.G., O.M.; THE MOST REV. LORD DAVIDSON OF LAMBETH; THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.; LORD FORSTER, G.C.M.G.; THE REV. J. D. JONES, D.D.; GENERAL LORD BADEN-POWELL, G.C.V.O.; FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT PLUMER, G.C.B.; THE REV. J. H. RITSON, D.D.; THE VERY REV. SIR GEORGE ADAM SMITH, D.D.; THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP EDWARD TALBOT, D.D.; THE VERY REV. JOHN WHITE, D.D.

The Vice-Presidents are THE REV. S. M. BERRY, D.D.; ALDERMAN SIR PERCIVAL BOWER; THE RIGHT REV. LEONARD BURROWS; SIR WILLIAM CAMPION, K.C.M.G.; GENERAL THE EARL OF CAVAN, K.P.; W. HAMILTON FYFE; GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARRINGTON, G.B.E.; MAJ.-GEN. SIR REGINALD MAY, K.B.E.; FIELD-MARSHAL LORD METHUEN, G.C.B.; SIR FREDERICK MILNER, BART., P.C.; COUNCILLOR MILES MITCHELL; DR. CYRIL NORWOOD; THE REV. CANON FRANK PARTRIDGE; ALEXANDER PATERSON, M.C.; SIR ROBERT PERKS, BART.; ARTHUR PETTIFER, M.M.; SIR ASHLEY SPARKS, K.B.E.; THE MOST REV. WILLIAM TEMPLE, D.D.; ALDERMAN FRED WEST, C.B.E.

The Founder Padre is THE REV. P. B. CLAYTON, M.C. ("Tubby").

Headquarters officers are P. W. MONIE, C.S.I. (Hon. Administrator); WM. A. HURST, O.B.E. (Hon. Treasurer); THE REV. M. P. G. LEONARD, D.S.O., and THE REV. OWEN S. WATKINS, C.M.G., C.B.E. (Administrative Padres); BARCLAY BARON, O.B.E. (Editorial Secretary); W. J. MUSTERS (Registrar).

ORIGIN: Talbot House in the War was "Everyman's Club," open to officers and men alike; it was opened in December, 1915, at Poperinghe, the nearest habitable town behind Ypres. Its founders were Padres Neville Talbot (now Bishop of Pretoria), H. R. Bates, and Philip Clayton ("Tubby"). A "daughter," Little Talbot House, was born in Ypres itself in 1917.

NAME: It was named in memory of Neville's younger brother Gilbert, Lieut., Rifle Brigade, killed at Hooge on July 30, 1915. The name "Toc H" is merely T.H. (Talbot House) pronounced according to the Army signaller's alphabet.

RE-BIRTH: Toc H was started again in London in 1919-1920, by "Tubby" and some survivors of the Ypres salient, on a very modest scale. Two years from the start the tiny experiment in London had been repeated throughout the length of England; within five years it had gone right round the world. In 1922 the movement was granted a Royal Charter.

OBJECTS: Its first aim was to recapture the War's spirit of *comradeship* in common service and to pass it on to the younger generation. *Toc H is not an ex-Service men's society*—it remembers the past but looks to the future. It draws its members from all ranks of society, from all Christian denominations, schools of thought and political parties. It is a "power-house" for social service of every kind, directed in each place by a voluntary *Jobmaster*. Toc H in no way competes with existing societies; it encourages and trains its members to help them.

ORGANISATION: First a small, tentative *Group*: the Group after a real test of stability, unity and work, may be made a *Branch* (Branches are granted a *Lamp of Maintenance*, which is lit with a simple ceremony at meetings). In certain places a team of members lives together in a *House* (called a "Mark"), the visible embodiment of Talbot House and the centre of effort in the area.

WORK: The voluntary service of Toc H members throughout the world flows in two main streams—(a) "*Stretcher-bearing*" work for the sick, the disabled, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the lonely, the "down-and-out," the crippled or neglected child, the boy or man in prison or just out of it; (b) "*Sheep-dog*" work towards boys and younger men—in clubs, camps, classes, Scout troops, Brigade companies, etc.

MEMBERSHIP: All men, from the age of 16 upwards, who are in sympathy with the aims and objects, are eligible for membership. Candidates require to fill up a form of application, to be proposed and seconded by members, and to undergo a period of probation varying in length according to circumstances. The minimum annual subscription is 2s. 6d. (5s. for members of Branches with Houses).